

THE LIGUORIAN

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading.*

April

1944

Communists Change Their Tune
Defeat On The Home-Front
The Pageant of The Pencil
Your Work For Peace
The Age of Miracles
A Letter From Dad
A Soldier Shaves
Cocoa Beads
Victim Soul

V

Watch Your Face! (p. 219)

For Gold Star Mothers (p. 247)

A Letter to Irvin S. Cobb (p. 242)

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AMONGST OURSELVES

News from the battlefronts continues to come in. This month it is the fascinating story, now humorous, now sad, of how a soldier in battle area goes about shaving, and what he thinks about while doing so. Chaplain E. F. Miller's account, "A Soldier Shaves," will give you a laugh, perhaps, but it will also give you a new understanding of the hardships of war.

More serious, and more important for your own future, is the article on American youth by R. A. Gaydos, entitled "Defeat on the Home-Front." Facts and figures will startle you, we hope into volunteering for service in the nameless and undermanned army of those who are trying to save young people from deterioration of character and the penal institutions of the future.

If you read, in one of the daily papers, Irvin S. Cobb's last literary testament, in which he scoffed at almost everything sacred, you should do yourself the justice of reading the answer to his witless words prepared by the Bystander. Its purpose is to spare you

from the deception his letter may have exercised in case you didn't know what Mr. Cobb knows now.

Many Catholic Action groups have sent for reprints of the article in the March LIGUORIAN on Catholics and Civil Rights. Perhaps you know a field where the truth might be profitably sown. Copies of the reprint may still be ordered, singly or in lots, at a very low cost.

And if you have been wondering a bit about the strange announcements you have heard reported from the Communists, you had better skim through the article "Communists Change Their Tune" before drawing any too rapid conclusions.

We are not forgetting to wish every reader, regular or casual, a Happy Easter. Make good use of Holy Week, by entering fully into the commemoration of its sad events, and Easter will not be without joy. Perhaps it will even show us the visible end of our present Calvary—and peace. God grant it!

The Liguorian

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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

Your Work For Peace (I)	- - - - -	195
D. F. MILLER		
A Soldier Shaves	- - - - -	201
E. F. MILLER		
The Pageant of the Pencil	- - - - -	205
D. B. CONNOR		
The Age of Miracles	- - - - -	210
R. J. MILLER		
Defeat on the Home-Front	- - - - -	220
R. A. GAYDOS		
Communists Change Their Tune	- - - - -	237

STORIES AND BIOGRAPHY

Cocoa Beans	- - - - -	217
J. KREUZER		
A Letter From Dad	- - - - -	229
B. J. TOBIN		
Victim Soul	- - - - -	231
G. J. CORBETT		

FEATURES

Libera Nos, Domine (Verse)	- - - - -	194
L. F. HYLAND		
Three Minute Instruction	- - - - -	200
Thought for the Shut-In	- - - - -	209
L. F. HYLAND		
Your Character Study	- - - - -	219
L. M. MERRILL		
For Wives and Husbands Only	- - - - -	228
D. F. MILLER		

DEPARTMENTS

Sideglances	- - - - -	242
Catholic Anecdotes	- - - - -	245
Pointed Paragraphs	- - - - -	247
Liguoriana	- - - - -	250
Book Lovers' Department	- - - - -	252
Lucid Intervals	- - - - -	256

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE!

(Chant for Holy Week)

Deliver us from evil, Lord, we pray:
The evil of the proud rebellious way
That men may walk, contemptuous of Thee
And of their own transcendent destiny.
By Thy fearful bloody sweat,
By the buffets bravely met,
Deliver us, O Lord!

Deliver us, O Lord, from this mistake:
That we might think our heaven here to make,
Or find one spot on earth where Thou art not,
Or men made happy who Thy name forgot.
By the shouts of shame and scorn,
By the garments from Thee torn,
Deliver us, O Lord!

And this, O Lord, we beg deliv'rance from:
The fear that any bitter trial may come
Too heavy for our weary hearts to bear
Or unattended by Thy strength and care,
By the thorns and screaming flails,
By the cross and hammered nails,
Deliver us, O Lord!

From death alone we beg not freedom, Lord,
Nor from the pain it costs to be restored
To Thine estate. O save us from this fate:
That we, redeemed, embrace Thy cross too late.
By Thy last surrendered breath,
By the triumph of Thy death,
Deliver us, O Lord!

— *L. F. Hyland*

YOUR WORK FOR PEACE (I)

So you would like to know what you can do in behalf of lasting peace. Alright, here is part of your answer. There will be four more answers in succeeding issues. They are not for cowards and weaklings.

D. F. MILLER

IT CAN scarcely be doubted that the most popular activity in the United States today would be that of working for permanent peace, if people knew what they could definitely do in behalf of this desirable goal. It is true that they are told that they are working for peace if they do their wartime jobs well, if they continue to turn out armaments from their factories as rapidly as possible, if they support the morale of the fighting men on the various fronts. But there are very few who do not know that there is a vast difference between working to end the present war speedily, and working for permanent peace in the world. Tons of munitions and bombs and shells, transported rapidly to the millions of men in the allied armies, can indeed hasten the day when the enemy will be overwhelmed in the present encounter; but of themselves these things accomplish nothing in the way of permanent peace. In fact, of themselves they are more likely to hasten the coming of the third world war.

What to do, however, in behalf of lasting peace, is a question that not many Americans would be able offhand to answer in a personal way. In regard to this question there is a sense of defeatism, of being entirely at the mercy of others — statesmen, politicians, rulers of nations, etc. — in many minds. "Let's get this war over with," they say, "and let's just hope there won't be another while we are alive." This helpless hoping is about the only thing they know how to do.

Yet there is much that the ordinary American can do in an active personal manner for the cause of that lasting peace he and everybody desires. Particularly if he be a Catholic, or if his mind be open to the logic that impresses and motivates the Catholic mind, he will find that there is a definite program of activity for peace that requires his participation, his cooperation, his leadership, no matter how humble or secluded his life may be. That program has been offered to him by the present Pope, to Catholics the Vicar of Christ on earth, to non-Catholics

of honest and open mind, the greatest spiritual leader in the present day world. The program he offers is so important that unless a great part of the individuals in the civilized world throw themselves into it, the statement may be made that lasting peace will be impossible; it will never be attained.

THERE are five points in the Pope's program of peace for the ordinary man. Apart from these, of course, he has frequently offered points to be considered and acted upon chiefly by statesmen and the leaders of nations, such as the necessity of disarmament, the right of small states to self-determination, etc. But the five points presented here are not only for statesmen; they are for everybody; they provide every individual thinking man and woman with something important to do. And this series of articles challenges every American who can read to miss their importance or their personal pertinence at his peril.

The five points of the Pope may be very simply stated; let no one be deceived by the simplicity of their statement; let them read on to learn the powerful logic behind them. There will be no lasting peace, says the Pope, 1) unless men return to the right worship of God; 2) unless the proper respect for law be reborn in their hearts; 3) unless the family be restored to its place as the foundation rock of all society; 4) unless economic justice be practiced and shared by all; 5) unless a right understanding of the nature and functions of the State be adopted by all individuals and nations. No one who sincerely wants peace will find himself free from all obligation under any one of these five heads.

The first and most fundamental of the five points is that men must be brought back to the right worship of God. The logic of this point is based upon a truth that all history and experience attest, viz., there is no source of motivation within the grasp of man that has power enough to prevent selfishness, injustice, rule by force, hatred and revenge, except the right worship of and true subjection to God. Man's innate love of peace, his instincts toward kindness and gentleness, his native distaste for war, will all be sacrificed on the bloody altar of selfishness or greed or revenge if he is conscious of no binding responsibility to God according to which selfishness, greed and revenge are to be suppressed and destroyed.

The realization of this truth immediately discovers the fact that there are far too many people in and outside of America who, no matter

how much they profess a desire for lasting peace, are incapable of bringing it about, or worse still, who according to their principles, will probably be responsible for the next war. Into this class fall all the agnostics of the modern world. They are the people who say, by their words or by their actions: "We don't know whether there is a God. And if there is a God, we cannot know anything about Him. Therefore we are bound to nothing on the score that it is the will or command of God." Such persons are thus bound to find a measure of goodness and badness apart from God, and it is only natural that they find it in themselves. They measure everything after the manner in which it appeals to them or repels them. They become the center of the universe, the master minds of the world. And while they profess to think and talk rationally about things and events, in the final analysis it is their feelings and emotions that inspire the judgments they make. Today, feeling and emotion may inspire a longing for the end of a war. Tomorrow the same feelings and emotions, played upon by racial antipathies, desire for gain, a motive of revenge, will have no qualms about starting another war. Men who recognize no God, no responsibility to a power outside and above themselves, are the originators and sponsors of every war.

If that be true of agnostics, it is even more true of those who profess atheism, i.e., not only a "don't know" attitude about God, but an actual denial of His existence. But it is also true of a large class of human beings who profess a belief in God, but who do not really subject themselves to God in any way. There are thousands of men and women who make God a sort of plaything of their minds. They speak piously about Him; they express a great emotional attraction for God; but they refuse to see in God the supreme lawgiver, a definite authority that has the sole right to command their actions and demand a certain line of obedience in all their deeds. God to them is beauty but not power; He is a romantic idea, but not a voice that is always yea, yea and nay, nay. He is a God of love, but not a God of truth, objective, unchangeable, indestructible, one. To such as these, the worship of God will never impede the making of war. As for the agnostic, goodness and badness depends not only on God's will, but on themselves. They believe that man can worship God and at the same time make his own morality and attribute it to God. Can anyone think of anything that will prevent such men from making war, if self-interest or ambition

render it desirable? There is nothing in their attitude toward God that sets up any universal, unchanging barriers against war.

THESE are the reasons why Pope Pius XII says that the right worship of God among men is the first condition of lasting peace. The right worship of God means the recognition of duties to God that are explicit, absolute, the same for all men, unchangeable, and fraught with eternal consequences for every individual man. Those duties are made brilliantly clear in two ways: through the action of reason perceiving obligations written on the nature of man in the manner of his creation by God, and through the acceptance of what God has explicitly revealed as demanded of all men. The right worship of God means subjection to God, not dictating to God. It is only in humble subjection to God that men will ever find sufficient reason to overcome hatred, to suppress selfishness, to crush greed, to neutralize ambition, to prevent war.

For the individual American, all these truths must become the background for action of a very powerful kind. It is true that if a return to the right worship of God is a first condition of lasting peace, then at first sight the task to be accomplished seems herculean indeed. It is estimated that there are 60 million agnostics or atheists or practical unbelievers in America — all potential makers of future wars. There are many millions more who worship God but at the same time dictate to Him by making their own laws of conduct — which means many more who can quite easily become war-makers of the future. In the face of all this, what can an individual do?

The individual can do everything — it is on individuals that the burden lies. One by one individuals must be brought to bend their will to God's. And no matter how limited and narrow a man's way of life may be, he has influence over some individuals, always by example, frequently by words, and constantly by prayer. Mothers and fathers who raise their children to the perfect practice of subjection to God, are adding that many individuals to the cause of peace. Boys and girls, men and women, who are not afraid to talk to their friends about the things that are nearest and dearest to their own hearts, will find it not too difficult to help many find truth and become campaigners for peace. Catholics who have zeal enough to be active in Catholic organizations, to spread sound literature, to study particular problems in the light of

universal truth, will have a powerful influence upon their communities. It is hard to see how those who want peace, cannot see the opportunities that are theirs to bring about the first condition of peace — the subjection of man to God.

Thus will be multiplied the individuals in America and in the world whose principles will always operate against war. Thus will be formed in each nation a solid block of citizens who will recognize the first tendencies toward war and be powerful enough to turn them aside. Thus will eventually be produced leaders within each nation whose own complete subjection to God will be reflected in their attitude toward other nations. Thus will peace be made lasting for the world.

THIS, then, is the first work in behalf of peace for every thinking American, above all, for every Catholic; by the example of his own life, by the influence of his home, by the multiplication of his power through union with others, by conversation and comment among friends, to bring others to kneel with him before God. This is peace and salvation for himself; it is the beginning of peace for the world.

Long Engagements

There is a gentleman in Boston, reports Father Brockmeier in the *Western Catholic*, who passes out slips of paper on which the following item is printed, to girls who wear diamonds but no wedding rings. He calls this little chore "his life work." From our experience, he should also seek out the Lochinvars who pass out the diamond rings, but refuse to agree to a date for marriage. Often it is the reluctant swain who forces the waiting. Anyway, the item passed out reads as follows:

* The bride tottered up the aisle on the arm of her father, who was wheeled in his armchair by three of his great-grand children. She was arrayed in white and carried a big bouquet of white rose buds; her hair, though gray, was bobbed, and she smiled and nodded to acquaintances. *

"The groom was able to walk unaided with the assistance of two handsome mahogany crutches. His head was bald, and his false teeth chattered a little nervously.

"They were the couple who waited until they could afford to get married."

Three Minute Instruction

EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE

The events of Holy Week bring to mind the great love of God for men, and awaken the desire to know how that love can best be returned. Love for God is essentially the uniting of one's will to the will of God, and there are three expressions of that union that help it to grow stronger every day.

1. The first expression of union of one's will with the will of God is made by the frequent use of the good intention. Love wants everything to be done for the one beloved. While many human actions are performed for secondary purposes, e.g., to support a family, to fashion something useful, to occupy the mind or the body in some pleasant way, these purposes do not prevent nor oppose the primary purpose of offering them to God. The person who truly loves God will say frequently, in the midst of any kind of activity or occupation: All for Thee, O God!

2. The second expression of union with God is immediate readiness to bow to the will of God in time of suffering or pain. God's love for man was pre-eminently proved by suffering; man's love for God proves itself in the same way. Thus when sickness befalls, when loneliness assails, when death takes friends, when appealing temptations have to be overcome by painful measures, he who loves God invariably says: Thy will be done, O God!

3. The third expression of union with God is that of gratitude for all favors, whether great or small. He who knows God at all, knows that all good things come from Him and are given as tokens of love for man. This includes even such things as a man seems to earn by his own endeavors; even the things for which he works and makes sacrifices and spends the strength of his body and mind: God gives them through the endeavors of man. It holds even more for all those things that man could never earn: the enjoyment of life, the use of the world, the love of kind friends. Thus the lover of God repeats over and over again, never too often, never without cause: Thanks be to God!

If these three expressions of union of one's will with the will of God are built into habits, of themselves they will make any man more perfect and more holy each day. They are only a partial return of the love the Son of God expressed on the cross; but they are richly rewarded by the same generous God.

A SOLDIER SHAVES

In the midst of dripping skies and soggy ground and the danger from snipers, the soldier reflects on the glories of "civilization" — while he shaves.

E. F. MILLER

ONE of the difficult things about being a man is that you have to shave. Take women. They are beautiful; they are celestial; they are of the clouds and like the stars. They have all the advantages. Not the least of these advantages is — they do not have to shave. Leaping out of bed in the morning, they are not obliged to rub the hand tentatively over the chin and cheeks in an effort to argue themselves out of shaving; they do not have to stand before a mirror and scrutinize the face carefully in order to discover whether or not the beard can be let go till after dinner, or even till tomorrow. With a song on their lips they can jump into their dress, take a swipe or two at their hair and as fair as a fairy be seated at the breakfast table before the men of the family can even find their razor in the midst of the bathroom pharmacy. It is easily understandable why women would not change positions with men for all the money in the world. The beard is an eternal barrier between them and such a change.

Shaving is a miserable business in all and any climes, and for all and any people. A man with a million dollars has as much trouble with his whiskers as the man with nothing. It is merely another case of pushing back the jungle. Were we to allow ourselves to stop work in our cities, on our farms, in our centers of culture and civilization, the forest and the swamps and the tangled undergrowth of unkept Nature would soon creep forward and once more take over. The struggle is and must be unceasing. So it is with beards. A moment of relaxation and a man has five o'clock shadow on his face; a moment of laziness and a man sees approaching inexorably but surely the cave of the Cave-Man. That's what makes it all so hard. The price of a clean face is eternal vigilance.

However, let it be remarked for all generations to know that if shaving is hard to accept in civilian life, it is twice as hard to accept in Army life. A man must live the Army life to believe this. It is very discouraging. There is the enemy before the soldier, lurking behind a

THE LIGUORIAN

bush, a tree or a cement wall, just waiting for the unsuspecting victim to poke out his head so that he can let him have it. The soldier must smoke out that enemy; in fact he must smoke out all enemies if he is ever to get home and enjoy the niceties of peace again. One enemy at a time is sufficient. It takes up just about all a man's time to outwit him and not to be outwitted. You can imagine, then, the miserableness of having another enemy right on your very person, that, like the fellow behind the bush, the tree or the cement wall is constantly fighting against you to get the upper-hand. The beard. It keeps coming out and coming out; it keeps demanding the knife at its very throat to hold it in hiding. That's what makes shaving in the Army so discouraging a business.

BUT that isn't all, by any means. If beautiful, tiled and mirrored Barber Shops were set up behind the lines, well-equipped with all the weapons necessary to subdue the beard, a soldier wouldn't mind so much. He could put that part of his war in the hands of a competent fighter and devote all his energies to the subduing of the other enemy. But such isn't the case. Of course, there are in some countries where the war is being fought, itinerant barbers who go about with a little box under their arm, and who will wrestle with your whiskers while you sit on the stump of a tree or on an ammunition box. But that isn't always so satisfactory, for the razor may not be very sharp or the water may be ice-cold or the man may not be very skilled, leaving many hidden hairs on your face that jump out and laugh at you and continue their pushing onward and outward as soon as you put your hand to your face, after paying your fee. The best plan is to battle with the whiskers yourself, in your own way.

How does the soldier go about it, ordinarily? Before that question can be answered, the setting for the battle must be given.

It is raining. It has been raining for about a week. In the midst of the rain there is a tent, one tent in the midst of about a thousand others just like it. Our soldier has been living in this tent for some time. There is no bed in it, or cot or downy springs to relax his tired body after a day of crawling in and out of a fox-hole. So he does what is natural—he spreads a blanket on the ground, stretches himself on top of blanket, covers himself with everything available and drifts off to sleep.

THE LIGURIAN

In the course of time morning dawns, and wonder of wonders, it is not raining. However, exuberance is not entirely in order, for following upon the rain, a sharp and penetrating cold has set in, sufficient to chill a man to the very bone. Everything seems out of focus. First of all, it is so early in the morning that the sun hasn't had a chance to get on the job as yet. The trees are dripping, the mud is yearning for feet to step into it, and breakfast is moaning in its cans to be let out and consumed. But worst of all there is that beard. It has to come off. The outfit in which our soldier serves is far enough to the rear to demand neatness of face and figure. Yes, the beard has to come off; and it might just as well come off now as at any other time.

NOW, in the course of a normal life back home, a man makes the following preparations when he is about to shave. He removes his coat, vest, necktie and shirt. Under no condition will he permit his hat to remain on his head. And if he wears glasses he very carefully puts them in an out-of-the-way place so that they won't be stepped on or brushed to the floor in a moment of inadvertence to be broken. Then, there follows a period of immediate preparation. If the faucet does not produce hot water, a tea kettle or some other like vessel containing hot water is brought to the bathroom. The brush is soaked with the hot water, carefully coated with shaving cream and then swished back and forth over the face, the hard part of the chin receiving the lather first, and after that the part of the cheeks on which hair grows. The process is long and careful, great pains being taken to cover every corner of the whiskers with thick white lather. Sometimes the fingers are used to rub in the lather. After all this, a blade is carefully selected, one that is new and sharp as Gillette can make it, and the stiffening hairs are gently removed and consigned to the sink. When the job is finished, the face looks as though it never had even seen a whisker, much less grown one.

In the Army a man would like to act as civilized as this; but circumstances are against him. First of all he has to find a tree with a branch sufficiently low to hold a tin mirror. Then he has to stand in a little pile of mud. Then he has to dig out his equipment from a bag that has been made to hold at least a thousand other things that are absolutely essential in a soldier's life. He would do all this in his tent, if only there were enough light in the tent whereby he could see a little more

than the hand before his face. Since there isn't that much light, he goes outside. It should be thought that after he has his mirror fixed, his razor, brush and cream within arm's reach, he would follow the instinct of his civilian years and take off his coat and shirt. But no. He keeps on his shirt; he buttons his jacket tight around his neck; he does not allow his overcoat to slip off his back. These articles of clothing are necessary if the morning winds are to be kept in place. He would no more think of taking them off than he would his shoes. If it is really cold, he keeps his helmet on too. So prepared, he begins. The water may have come out of a brook. Wherever it came from, it is like ice. Neither is the razor blade any too sharp. One can't be forever using a new blade when one is out in the woods, and when one has no prospects of getting out of the woods for a period of time. After as good a lathering as the cold water will allow, the scraping begins. Let this part of the operation be passed over in silence. Suffice it to look at the soldier after he has finished. Suffice it to look, to hand him the Purple Heart, and to turn away. Sympathy is best given to the suffering by silence.

IT HAS been said that one of the finest dreams a soldier has is to get back to the country of his birth where he can once more take a bath, a hot bath, and enjoy it. Long years of sponge baths, of baths in mobile units which are nothing more than trucks with shower faucets inside, of no baths at all, have more or less apotheosized the bath and made it like a shrine. Plumbing business is bound to go sky-high after the war is over, in consequence. Be that as it may, the soldier has another dream, and it is to be believed, a dream just as vivid. That is, to be able to take a shave as five thousand years of civilization have taught a man to take a shave. That is, to battle whiskers with all the implements that a thoughtful race has provided for such a warfare. He sees himself at it every time he strokes his face. He sees the shining mirror, the glimmering sink, the steaming water, the fine razor. He beholds himself in his undershirt, and yet with no chill upon him. He sees it all in his dreams, and longs for it with a great longing.

Meanwhile, with the accustomed courage of the American soldier, he battles on against his beard with all the tenacity and courage of a man who knows no fear. And strangely enough, he often whistles, and sometimes even sings in the very midst of the battle. Strange character, the American soldier.

THE PAGEANT OF THE PENCIL

Many of the "romances of the commonplace" had to be written before one of the romancers looked at his hand and saw that without which none would have been written.

D. B. CONNOR

DO YOU realize what mystery, intrigue, and romance you hold in your hand when you clasp that little bit of gaudy-colored wood called a pencil? This little cosmopolitan instrument is at home in bank or factory, in the chubby hand of a child or in the stylishly manicured fingers of a stenographer. It has written important speeches and immortal literature. It has mapped out empires and global warfares. It ponders through cross-word puzzles and grocery lists, and it draws strange hieroglyphics and doodles on telephone pads. Yet, look at it! It may, perhaps, be only a chewed stump of a thing, but there is a thrilling and colorful history behind this small but useful companion; this bit of writing equipment which travels under an assumed name of "lead pencil." Actually there is no lead in your pencil.

Pencils were used centuries before the birth of Christ. In its earliest form the pencil was a lump of colored earth or chalk cut into a form convenient to hold in the hand. Early artists, such as Aridices the Corinthian and Telephones the Syconian, used instruments of that kind for their drawings. Greeks and Egyptians used pencils to prepare the monographs that adorned the walls of palaces and temples of now long since forgotten gods and princes. Pliny, the famous Roman orator and writer who lived shortly after the time of Christ, mentions a metallic lead, probably the Roman "stiles," which was used for making lines on papyrus. Centuries later, in the year 1520, the Spanish conqueror, Cortez, found lead crayons in use among the Aztec Indians. Perhaps we can see in this ancient history the reason why our modern day pencils have become known as "lead pencils." Actually the prime reason is this: In the middle ages a new substance was discovered and put into use in the making of pencils. This new substance made a dark line, whereas the lead which had formerly been used made a much lighter mark. Thus the new substance became known as "black lead." As usual,

the Greeks had a word for it. The word is graphite. A very appropriate name too, derived from the Greek verb *graphein* which means "to write."

GRAPHITE is a mineral composed of almost pure carbon with only one to two per cent impurities. It is seldom found in large quantities. Most of the graphite today comes from Ceylon and Mexico, although deposits of this mineral are found in various other parts of the world including our own United States. Indeed, the purest graphite in the world comes from a mine in Ticonderoga, New York. There it is found to be 99.9 per cent pure carbon.

Graphite has come a long way since those early days when it was first used for writing. Back in the Middle Ages word came out of Germany that there was a possibility of encasing graphite in wood, thus making it a handier writing instrument. A couple of hundred years later, in 1564, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, England had a monopoly on the pencil industry. It seems that in that year the new and very valuable Barrowdale graphite mine was discovered. Immediately this mine became a sort of fair-haired child of the government. It was nursed and pampered. Parliament called out the army to guard it from robber bands. The mine was worked only six weeks each year in order that the value of its product might be kept at a high level.

In those early days, the graphite "leads" were made by pulverizing the graphite and compressing it into solid blocks by means of a hydraulic press. The "lead" bars were then cut from these blocks. But this process was not altogether satisfactory. Being made of such fine bits of graphite, the "leads" were soft and they crumbled easily. Now science came to the rescue. In 1596 we find an article written by an Italian in which it is stated that in Nuremberg, Bavaria, scientific minds were studying the problem of how best to "bind" the powdered particles of this new mineral. Finally, after years of study and experiment, came the finished product as we know it today. In 1790, a French chemist by the name of Nicolas Jacques Conte discovered that by mixing a fine clay with the graphite and subjecting this mixture to a white heat, the graphite could be bound, and at the same time the degree of hardness regulated in accordance with the proportion of the clay used. These two ingredients are mixed together in water. After a thorough mixing, the water is filtered off, leaving a very black doughy substance. This pasty material is then placed in a heavy steel cylinder and squeezed through a small

THE LIGUORIAN

opening which has a diamond die. From this opening comes a long black shoestring of graphite which is to be the "lead." These strings are allowed to dry. Then they are cut, placed in crucibles, and subjected to a very intense heat which tempers and toughens them. Now the "lead" is ready for its slender case of wood.

IN THE year 1660 we find, again in Nuremberg, that the profession of the cabinet maker had been expanded to include the making of wood-cased pencils. In the register of the little village church at Stein, near Nuremberg, there is listed in the records of the year 1726 the marriages of two men whose employment was that of *pencil maker* and *lead cutter*. The making of pencils had been elevated to the rank of a recognized trade.

The wood for the pencil cases is chosen with great care. Straight grained red cedar is considered the best. Once Florida supplied the wood for the pencil factories both here and abroad. Now much of it is supplied by the forests of California. As a great tree falls before the axe of the woodman the making of another pencil begins. First the wood is put in great kilns where it is seasoned and dried in order to eliminate its moisture and natural oils. Then it is cut into little slats about the width of seven pencils. These slats pass through a planing machine and come out with seven grooves to hold the "leads." When the "leads" have been inserted, a similar slat, covered with glue, is placed on top, sandwich fashion, and both slats are forced together with clamps and allowed to dry. Each wooden sandwich is then fed to another machine that cuts it into seven naked pencils. The time has arrived for the beauticians to take over.

The pencils are first sandpapered and then passed on to a varnishing machine. The beauty treatment is a patient one—as many as twenty four times the little sticks are dipped into bright colors and then dried. The resulting glossy coating shows evidence of this careful treatment. Patient stamping with gold, or silver, or aluminum, is the final touch, and each company takes great pride in its trade mark. Metal clips are clamped on one end, an eraser inserted, and the new pencil is ready to fulfil its destiny.

PENCIL makers are proud of their profession. Families have kept up the tradition in the old world and in the new. It was in the year

1761 that Casper Faber first produced and marketed pencils in Bavaria. The time came when this industry too felt the call of new lands and new opportunities. Already in 1812 America had witnessed an attempt at establishing the pencil business. A certain William Moore, of Concord, Massachusetts, was the pioneer. But his experiment failed after not quite two years of effort because of the difficulty of obtaining raw materials. In 1849, when many Americans were madly dashing across the plains of the middle west in a race for the coveted gold of California, Eberhard Faber came to America. He did not seek the gold; at least not directly. Eberhard, a direct descendant of old Casper Faber of Nuremberg, founded a pencil factory and an industry that has passed on through six generations of Fabers.

With Eberhard Faber, the industry grew and prospered. The pencil became an American institution. When World War II came, the pencil was affected much like all other things American. One year after the never-to-be-forgotten "Day of Infamy" — Pearl Harbor — on December 7, 1942, the War Production Board issued a limitation order which had the following effects on the pencil industry: The production of wood-cased pencils for the year 1943 was limited to 88 per cent of the total grossage produced in 1941. The use of crude and reclaimed rubber plugs was prohibited. The amount of lacquer used on the pencils was restricted to one gallon per each hundred gross instead of the customary five gallons for the same number of pencils.

For the duration, then, pencils may not be as numerous or as brightly colored as before. But the pencil is still doing its job. The Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, the Coast Guard, the Maritime Commission — all the branches of the armed service receive their quota of pencils. Tremendous quantities are used in defense industries. Pencils are important. With his pencil the navigator of a bomber leads his dreadnought of the skies to its target and home again. Marks of "lead" pencils on detailed maps point the way for invasion troops to seize vital enemy fortifications. Penciled figures add up the totals of our ever increasing war production. A thousand pencils in a thousand hands plot and plan for the day when peace will come again, and for the days to follow — the days when ships will cross the seas again, not with deadly munitions, but with peace-time goods such as rubber from the Indies, graphite from Ceylon, and pencils from America for the peoples of the world.

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

THE COMFORT OF HOPE

L. F. HYLAND

One of the great consolations of the shut-in is constant growth in the practice of the virtue of hope, which is one of the virtues infused into the soul at baptism. Though it is infused, it requires understanding, effort and practice on the part of the mature person if it is not to become sterile and inactive. Of all persons, the shut-in should most try to develop and increase it in his soul.

Hope has three elements, each one of which should become a source of meditation. First of all, it means the expectation of the happiness of heaven when life is over. To strengthen this expectation, a person should train himself to think and even dream about what that happiness will mean. Often the words should be pondered: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God hath prepared for them that love Him." Often the words of St. John should be sweetly allowed to captivate the mind: "In that day there will be neither mourning nor grieving, and death and parting will be no more!"

The second element of hope is a firm reliance on the fidelity of God to fulfill the expectation of heaven. Every remembrance of the Incarnation, every glance at a crucifix, every thought of the presence of Christ in every tabernacle throughout the world, should increase one's reliance on that fidelity of God. He was faithful to the point of abdicating divinity and becoming a helpless child, faithful to the point of dying on a cross out of love for man, faithful up to the latest moment of our lives by transforming Himself into the appearance of bread, and therefore no heart can ever feel that He will be unfaithful to His promise that unending happiness will be given to all who love Him!

And the third element in hope is willingness and even eagerness to pay the price that God has asked His creatures to pay for heaven. That price bears no comparison with the reward. In fact there is nothing man can do or suffer that can deserve heaven. It is only because God has promised to accept the price He has assigned that it can be called a purchase price at all. In comparison with heaven, a long lifetime of unmitigated pain, with not a moment of compensation or joy, would still be small and inadequate. And if the shut-in can convince himself of this, he will not be rebellious.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES

For the weak and faint-hearted, for the doubting and unbelieving, for the sincere and humble seekers after truth, this is the record of God's visible presence in the world.

R. J. MILLER

WHAT is the use of praying?" asked a man when told to seek in prayer the success of a venture which humanly speaking seemed doomed to failure. "The age of miracles is past!"

"The age of miracles is past!" But is it? Are there really any miracles nowadays? Does the Lord God Almighty ever intervene directly in the affairs of men, as He did in the old days when He made the sun to stand still, or made manna to fall from heaven? Are there really any apparitions of heavenly visitors on earth? Do we have mystic seers and prophets, as they had in the days of the Old Testament? Above all, do we have genuine first class miracles nowadays?

The answer to these questions is to be found not in the simple-minded wisecrack: "The age of miracles is past," but in the hard headed practical approach: "Let's look at the record!"

And looking at the record, one will find very definitely that the age of miracles is *not* past: on the contrary, surprising as it may seem, there never was an age in the history of the Church or the world when God was more visibly at work on a vast scale with His supernatural power in the affairs of men than in our own twentieth century. This twentieth century — this century of machinery and materialism, of paganism and progress — *this is the age of miracles!*

Let's look at the record. In particular, let's look at the record of world War II. How much of World War II has gone "according to plan"? No man on earth in his wildest dreams five years ago could have forecast the tide of battles as it has actually flowed before our eyes during these five years. The Nazis swept unexpectedly over Europe in a triumphant flood, and Mussolini stepped in to share the spoils; then Hitler attacked Russia, and everyone was saying: "It will be only a matter of weeks, or months at the most;" everything, said the Nazis, was going "according to plan"; then, unexpectedly, the Russians stiffened and struck back. The Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, and unexpectedly

THE LIGUORIAN

swept over the Pacific. In North Africa the fighting was hard and bitter in April, 1943, and military experts predicted a long struggle for every foot of ground; the end came with unexpected speed and completeness while they were still proving it would not come for a long time. Mussolini fell in Italy unexpectedly, and the Nazis unexpectedly did very well without him.

If the war has gone "according to plan," it has assuredly not been the plan of the military strategists on either side; no mind reader is needed to tell us that. There has been some other mysterious plan in operation; some plan obscure to us in its "global strategy," but strikingly manifest in its particular manifestations; the God of battles is still on His Almighty throne.

BUT these evidences of a power beyond the power of men and armies are not exactly what we mean when we speak of "miracles" in the ordinary sense of the term. We mean rather heavenly apparitions, supernatural control of the powers of nature, wonderful manifestations of the divine in the lives and persons of ordinary human beings, and the instantaneous and perfect cure of incurable diseases.

Let's look at the record to see what our twentieth century has to offer in these fields. We do not have far to look; and we shall find, in these very fields, that our twentieth century is eminently deserving of the title: *the age of miracles*.

Take the matter of heavenly apparitions, and supernatural control of the powers of nature. People sometimes look back to the days of Christ, when He miraculously fed five thousand in the desert, or when He raised Lazarus from the dead in the presence of the multitudes, and think that such prodigies worked before great crowds are a thing only of the dim and distant past.

As a matter of fact we have a prodigy worked in our twentieth century before a greater throng than ever witnessed the miracles of Our Lord; a prodigy that was promised from heaven months beforehand for a certain definite date, and that happened exactly on the date promised.

In May, 1917, three small children in Portugal related that a beautiful lady who said she came from Heaven had appeared to them on a hillside near the small town of Fatima. She had asked them to come to the same spot on the thirteenth day of each month until the thirteenth

THE LIGUORIAN

of October, when she promised she would tell them who she was, and work a great miracle to prove the truth of what she said.

On the thirteenth of October, sixty thousand people were present around the hillside near the little town of Fatima. After the lady had appeared again to the children, and told them she was "Our Lady of the Rosary," the promised miracle took place. In the presence of sixty thousand people the sun suddenly became a fiery wheel, spinning wildly within its circle, while great flames of light leaped and flashed from it and covered the sky from one end to the other.

Sixty thousand witnesses saw this terrible prodigy, and screamed with fear in the belief that the end of the world had come. But it was followed by a wonderful prodigy and omen of peace. The flashing fires ceased, and a lovely tapestry of light, like a cloak woven of close knit rainbows, was formed in the sky and gently descended and rested on the multitude. Then it vanished, and again the sun was whirling in its disc, and the fiery lightnings were shooting across the sky. Three times the prodigy of fear or war, and three times the prodigy of protection and peace, were repeated in the presence of the sixty thousand. Was there ever a miracle or prodigy in the history of the Church, or the history of the human race, worked in the presence of sixty thousand witnesses like this miracle in our own twentieth century?

As to the mystic seers and prophets, — we have one of the greatest of all time right in our twentieth century, and still living in the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred and forty four — Teresa Neumann of Konnersreuth.

There have been other souls in the past centuries favored with special visions of Our Lord, or even special revelations of His holy Mother; some have passed long periods in fasting; others have spoken and understood foreign languages, or read the secrets of hearts and foretold the future. But it seems safe to say that never in the history of the Church has there been a soul so favored with an accumulation of all these mystic wonders in so extraordinary a degree as this one girl of our twentieth century. (And for the consolation of the modern working girl it may be said that Teresa Neumann is not a nun hidden in the convent, nor a saintly mother of a family, but a single girl living in the world.)

Not a drop of liquid food has passed her lips in twenty years, and not a bit of solid food in fifteen. Practically every Friday she not only

has visions of the Passion of Our Lord, but actually accompanies Him every step of the way, while her body shows the signs of the very wounds He suffered — buffets in the face, thorn wounds in the head, a bleeding wound in the shoulder, the holes of the nails in hands and feet, and a deep gash in the side. All these wounds bleed profusely, and she loses twenty pounds during the ordeal, — all of which she invariably gains back by the following Sunday. On the feasts of Our Lord, the angels, or Saints, she witnesses the actual events commemorated by the feasts, whether they took place on earth or in Heaven. She has understood the language of visitors coming to her from distant countries, although naturally she speaks only her own German country dialect. She has revealed their secret sins to other visitors, and predicted conversions or future events in the lives of still others, as well as events of national and international importance.

Many of these mystic gifts, as has been said, can be found in the lives of holy souls in the past; but it is difficult to find a case in all the centuries of the Church's history where they are present so fully and so amazingly as they are in this single girl living in the world in our own twentieth century.

BUT what about real miracles? All the wonders above cited are supernatural prodigies of one kind or another, it is true; but what about real miracles, — real answers to prayer in the way of the cure of disease, such as Our Lord used to work when He was on earth? Do we have any of those at the present day?

The answer is that here precisely, in the way of the cure of incurable diseases, this twentieth century is unparalleled in the history of the Church, — *this is the age of miracles!*

We shall say nothing of the countless favors granted to people who pray and have their prayers heard at their parish churches, or at local shrines, or in their own homes, to Our Lord and His Immaculate Mother and the Saints. They may or may not be "real miracles"; some of them no doubt are, while others are not.

We shall confine ourselves to two fields of the miraculous where there are rigid requirements and completely scientific examinations of the facts of each case, and where there can be absolutely no mistake about the supernatural character of the cures wrought by prayer.

These two fields are the miracles at Lourdes, and the miracles

worked in connection with the beatification and canonization of the Saints. At Lourdes there is an office called *Le Bureau des Contestations Medicales*, at which doctors from all over the world—Catholic, Protestant, Jew, and unbeliever—are welcome to join in the work of examining the sick before and after their alleged cures or miracles. In 1930, for instance, more than 900 doctors from all over the world and of all shades of religious belief collaborated in this work. Moreover, there are definite conditions laid down for miraculous cures. They are: 1) Patients must be hopelessly incurable, as far as medical assistance is concerned. 2) All cures must be instantaneous and abnormal. 3) No period of convalescence is allowed for in the process of a miraculous cure. 4) No medicine or curative agent may be used by the patients during the novena. 5) No cure is called miraculous until it has persisted for over a year.

In spite of these rigid conditions, however, the number of miracles at Lourdes during our twentieth century (and before that also, ever since the apparitions of Our Lady there to St. Bernadette in 1858), has been an average of *one hundred and fifteen every year*.

And these are miracles which square with all the exacting scientific requirements. There are many more which may well be just as miraculous, but which are rejected because they fail in one or the other point. For instance, in 1928 there were 250 patients who seemed to be miraculously cured at Lourdes; but of this number only 89 were accepted as fulfilling every one of the five conditions; and in 1929 there were 276 cures which seemed miraculous: of these, only 143 were accepted.

The history books tell of holy shrines in ancient times, of pilgrimages and prayers and miracles in the "Ages of Faith"; but the ages of faith themselves had nothing to compare with the modern holy shrine of Lourdes, and its pilgrimages and prayers, miracles by the hundred in our twentieth century,—miracles checked and double checked by every device of modern science,—miracles made to order by heaven; for the doctors and the scientists at the *Bureau des Contestations* may be said to lay down the conditions on which they will accept cures as coming from heaven,—and Our Lady of Lourdes skillfully prepares her miracles to fit the conditions!

IN THE field of the beatification and canonization of Saints, the requirements are still more rigid than they are at Lourdes; but

nevertheless our twentieth century has seen more beatifications and canonizations, which means more genuine first class miracles, than any previous century in the history of the Church.

After the Church has examined the life of a person proposed for canonization, and found the evidence clear beyond a doubt, she pronounces that the individual in question practiced "heroic virtue." This, however, does not at once raise the person to the rank of official sainthood. God Himself must enter the scene with His almighty power by working two first class miracles through the intercession of the proposed Saint as a requirement for beatification, and two more for canonization. Many and many a person has received the Church's approval of his "heroic virtue," but has never gone on to beatification or canonization for lack of miracles.

And the miracles must be real, genuine, first class miracles. That is, they must be cases of the instantaneous cure of organic disease, such as the instantaneous restoration of a stomach eaten away by cancer, lungs destroyed by tuberculosis, bones warped or corroded, muscles severed, etc., etc., or else they must be the instantaneous healing of open sores or wounds or infections. If a miracle is alleged to have occurred, moreover, the first question asked in Rome is: could the disease in question be classed as a nervous disorder? If so, the miracle is rejected at once without further investigation, and never resumed, regardless of how sudden or complete the cure might seem to be. There must be unmistakable evidence of something in the person that was surely dead, at once coming to perfect life; the very possibility of auto-suggestion is ruled out from the very start.

IN CONCLUSION, we mak ask: what is the meaning of this visible activity of God in our twentieth centutry? Why does He favor this age of machinery and materialism, of paganism and progress, with such unescapable testimonials of His reality, His power, and His fatherly love?

Surely one meaning is that this is to be an age of *faith*, and that lack of faith is a crime that cries to heaven for vengeance. Our Lord said to the Apostles at the Last Supper: "Now they have no excuse for their sin. . . . If I had not done among them works such as no one else had done, they would have no sin . . ." Surely He can say the same of our age, which He has made the *new age of miracles*.

THE LIGUORIAN

Another meaning is this: to make this an age of confidence in God, despite all the ruin and sufferings and death of depressions and wars. It is as though the good Lord would offset the evil of the world with the blessing of His powerful presence; "Behold I stand at the gate and knock"; He would encourage people to lift up their hearts from the earth to Himself, from death and destruction to life everlasting.

Finally, it is a meaning of love. "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son;" He still loves it, despite all its wickedness, and proves His love, and His desire for its service and love in return, by making our own twentieth century — *the age of miracles!*

G's and Profanity

Maybe you argue like this:

"I'm doing a tough job and I'm going to do it like a tough guy. I'll be all blood and guts. Boy, they'll know I'm tough from the way I talk." That's really the wrong way to be hard-boiled because it's too easy. Anyone can have a rough, coarse tongue.

Or like this:

"That's the way they talk in the Army and Navy. And the easiest way to get along in this kind of life is to keep in line. To speak back the way you're spoken to." Not so good! You're a human being, not a machine. You don't have to return foul word for foul.

Or even like this:

"I find a long string of cuss words like a safety valve. When I'm all 'het up' about something, I let go with the biggest one I can twist my tongue around. What a relief to get all that hot air off my mind." Yes, what a relief! The kind a bull must get from a good bellow.

You need to remember this:

"Profanity means to cheapen, to dishonor. Profanity dishonors its object. Profanity is wrong because it speaks in a cheap and vulgar way about things sacred. The object of profanity may be God or man. To use the name of Jesus lightly and frequently in your conversation is to dishonor that Holy Name and so dishonor God. To call another man by any one of the many vile names so often heard is to dishonor and cheapen that man. Besides, if you are above him in rank, so that he can't talk back, you are being doubly unfair and insulting. Stripes and bars don't make a man big before God and they don't keep him from being small with other men."

— *Contact*

COCOA BEADS

War has a tendency to make people inhuman. Then sometimes the same war will destroy the inhumanity it has created, as happened in this incident.

J. KREUZER

IT HAPPENED over the Marshall Islands. A moment before I had felt indestructible. Twice I had framed "Zeros" in my sights and blasted them out of the sky. And then it was my ship that was ablaze. I bailed out; and that is the last I remember until I saw him bending over me. A Jap! Brown-skinned, slant-eyed, detestable.

At first I was afraid, and then I was angry with an anger born of hate. I would have killed him then and there, sinking my nails into his throat. But I couldn't move. God knows, I tried. The pain shot through me till every nerve shrieked. And all he did was smile and nod, and, reaching for a flask, he applied it gently to my lips. When I had drunk he smiled again. My heart turned over inside me. I knew that he was human.

I would be a dead man today if it were not for that Jap. My leg was broken, my body was a mass of burns. There we were, we two alone on a diminutive island. And perhaps it was I who had shot him down.

He nursed me, and his hand was tender. He brought me food and water. He built a shady roof of palm leaves to shed the rain. And for long stretches he would sit beside me and talk in a soft, quiet voice — words that I couldn't understand. And sometimes I would talk to him; and I would ask him why he was doing all this for me. And if there were others like him in Japan. And if war were not all wrong that two human beings like ourselves could have hated each other so dreadfully. And I would talk to him of home, of mother, of the crunching sound of snow under foot, and of Myrna with her blue eyes and golden hair. Once he drew a photograph from his inside pocket and showed me a little wisp of a "Yum Yum" wrapped in a silk kimono. I tried to show him my appreciation with my eyes. And I think he understood.

THE LIGURIAN

THEN one day I found the explanation for his kindness. He was stooping over me, readjusting my bandages, when something fell out of his pocket. I picked it up and held it in my hand. A rosary made of cocoa beads. He only looked and smiled. But every evening after that we said the rosary together. He would lead and I would answer. He in Japanese, I in English. I almost learned the first half of the "Hail Mary" in Japanese. Another week and I would have known it. My rescuers came too early.

They came ashore just at dawn, and I was glad to see them. Marines they were, and not taking any chances. When I yelled at them they looked as surprised as if they had stumbled on Coney Island instead of a little patch of palms and cocoanuts. I had hardly told them who I was and how I had gotten there when the Jap appeared out of the jungle carrying an armful of bananas. And before I could let out a yell he was a dead man. A half dozen M3 guns went off in unison, shot as if by instinct. And lying there on my back I cried like a baby.

"You can never trust one of those little, yellow swine," said one of the Marines; and of course he was right, so right that I could never hope to tell him how dead wrong he really was.

But he got the rosary for me, the rosary of cocoa beads, and the photograph of the little Japanese maiden wrapped in a silk kimono. I sent the photograph to Myrna. She will understand and pray for the little "Yum Yum" whose sweetheart will never come home.

THE cocoa beads I mean to keep. No, I never quite learned the first part of the "Hail Mary" in Japanese, but when the hospital ward is quite still at night and the groans of the wounded have melted into sleep I can half hear the strange lilt of it mixed with the tropical breeze. And then I know how right the Marine really was. You can never trust a Japanese. You think you have him figured out. A cruel, cunning, heartless, detestable little creature. And then — well — I owe my life to a Jap.

Ships and armies you may replace if they are lost; but a great intellect, once abused, is a curse on the earth forever.

— *Ruskin*

ON FACIAL EXPRESSION

L. M. MERRILL

Some characters reveal their weakness, not by words nor by actions, but by the variety of expressions into which they transform their features. The face has a language all its own. Great actors spend hours before mirrors to train themselves to represent various emotions by their appearance alone. Weak characters need no practice; they use their faces spontaneously to express what they do not care to put into words.

Consider the following examples, as almost everyone has experienced them. You are explaining something that is quite interesting to you to a companion. In the midst of your tale, you glance at his features: at once the droop of his mouth, the cast of his eyes, the way his forehead is set, tell you that he is *bored*. Or again, you have unwittingly wounded the sensitiveness of another. For an hour or possibly even a day afterwards, there is a cloud over his features; his eyes speak of a great sadness gnawing at his soul; he tells you without saying a word that the wound you inflicted will not quickly heal. Or yet again: you ask someone to do an ordinary favor for you; he may consent in words, but the look on his face tells you that you have gone too far. He will do the favor, says his voice, but his face tells you it will make him worthy to be called a martyr. There are facial expressions for pride, anger, hatred, patronizing and peevishness; they all reveal something about the soul.

The virtues that are the only true adornment of human character should include, not only control over words, but control of facial expression as well. It is no good to forgive another in words, if the features proclaim that rancor is still fostered in the soul. It is poor charity that does a favor for another, while the face rebukes him for having asked a favor at all. Surely a source of much of the unhappiness in the world are the looks people give one another—whether of contempt or arrogance, of dislike or antipathy, of pouting or sensitiveness, or any other meannesses of soul.

If you have ever noticed others reacting unfavorably to your appearance, if you have ever been conscious of a desire to say by a look what you did not feel justified in saying by words, you have a job of polishing to do on your character. If you control those unkind glances, you will be beautifying your soul!

DEFEAT ON THE HOME-FRONT

On the home-front, the war is going badly. The most important engagement is being lost. The victims of the defeat are American youth, and that means the future of America. This is not mere pessimism, but a record of facts.

R. A. GAYDOS

WHILE American armies are fighting in the cause of freedom and democracy the world over, back home the hope for the continuance of these ideals is being seriously threatened. America's young hopefuls, the future citizens in a world of peace and prosperity, are now turning into petty criminals to be tomorrow's moral derelicts and big-time gangsters.

The war has forced a strategic and vitally important battle right into America's street corners, amusement places, schools, and homes — and almost into the very cradle. So far we are still reeling from the effects of Pearl Harbor in regard to this battle of juvenile delinquency. To date it has been going almost entirely against us. As a matter of fact most of us, failing to realize its importance, have not even been fighting. Since this is so personal a problem, one that concerns every citizen of the land, it is about time we hand ourselves a fistful of sharp brass tacks and conscientiously set ourselves down to consider them.

No matter who you are or where you live, your investment in the country through War Bonds will do you no good unless you protect that investment. Right now it is imperiled by the condition of our teen age youngsters, the boys and girls whom the country looks to as the sturdy, upright and free citizens of tomorrow. Today they are only kids in a war-torn world. Tomorrow they will be paying you back on your government investment — if you give them the chance.

At present the youth of the country is having a tougher time than ever in trying to keep its equilibrium. So far it has not been helped in this by its elders to any great extent. The saddest reading in the world comes from our U. S. city police records, juvenile court records and the figures computed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They tell the tale of youth's struggle; of the elders' neglect.

J. Edgar Hoover, quoting the latest issue of the F.B.I.'s *Uniform*

Crime Reports, says that last year the arrests of girls under 21 years of age for offenses against common decency increased 56.9 per cent over 1942! Already in 1942 these same arrests had increased 104.7 per cent over the previous year! Army and Navy officials will tell you that in checking the spread of venereal diseases in the armed forces some of the biggest problems to solve are offered by the sexual promiscuity of teen age girls. These are the so-called "victory"-girls, "charity girls," or "little casuals," who argue that servicemen should be given anything their passions desire before (theoretically) they shove off for war. Investigators in one city traced the infection of 270 soldiers back to one 14 year old girl; at another place 160 men had been infected by a 13 year old!

High school girls of the best, along with the worst, families have have been touched by the blight of illicit sex relations. Girls of families with means as well as poor girls have been known to visit call houses after school hours. There they are well patronized by highly paid defense workers from nearby plants. Multiply this one instance by the 500 defense areas in 2,000 communities of the United States and you have a small understanding of present day youth problems.

ALTHOUGH the increase in juvenile delinquency has been primarily among girls, the boys are by no means innocent. More males 18 years of age were arrested than in any other age group during 1943, the first time since these tabulations were begun by the F.B.I. twelve years ago. The records reveal from actual case studies that persons under 21 now account for 13.2 per cent of all murders arrested, 39.3 per cent of all the robbers, 55.8 per cent of all the burglars, 65.1 per cent of all the car thieves, 32.2 per cent of all the rapists, 30.1 per cent of all the arsonists, and 37.1 per cent of all the thieves arrested. Indeed this casualty list is more serious to the future of our country than those of Pearl Harbor, Salerno or Tarawa—and it is not complete. Many cases never make the records!

Perhaps the most pathetic part of all this is that these young criminals are coming from almost every stratum of American society. Wartime conditions, constricted defense areas with the resulting lack of housing, overcrowded schools, free-flowing money, wide-open commercial amusement houses, and localities where there are large groups of servicemen, undoubtedly smooth the way for many delinquencies.

THE LIGUORIAN

But the entire blame cannot be placed upon the wartime emergency. In one key city where 452 delinquency cases were studied, it was found that there were only 3 children with fathers in the service, 19 with mothers in war plants, and only a tiny percentage from transient families. In this one instance juvenile delinquency could certainly not be attributed to the war. The vast majority came from substantial, old-line families. In this same city the delinquency of children between the ages of 14 and 16 increased 900 per cent during the period between 1932 and 1942 — the ten years before the war.

What about your own son or daughter? Your nephews and nieces? The children you teach in school? The kids to whom you sell chewing gum and cokes?

How many delinquent children are from Catholic homes and Catholic schools? There are no definite figures, but in summing up the results of a questionnaire that was sent to each of its Diocesan Directors, the National Conference of Catholic Charities makes this statement: "It is not possible to give an accurate appraisal of the delinquency trend, but perhaps an increase of not over 10 per cent among boys and at most 30 per cent among girls would be a fair approximation on a national basis." Quite different from the high figures of the F.B.I.

Mr. Hoover maintains, generally speaking, that there are four children in every classroom who will get into trouble in the future. But *only a fraction of one per cent* of those brought before the Courts are children who completed the eighth grade in parochial schools. A New York clergyman, who has given special study to juvenile delinquency, noted this fact and proved it with figures.

A priest who has dealt with thousands of cases as a chaplain in a penal institution selected at random one hundred cases of Catholic inmates from the files of the Federal Correctional Institution at Littleton, Colorado. Only 12 of these inmates came from homes where the father and mother are still living together, and in only 2 cases of these 12 are the parents practical members of the Catholic Church! None had been to a Catholic college; one attended parochial school for 12 years; only 3 had attended parochial school for 8 years.

If definite statistics of delinquency among Catholics were available would they be an indictment against our public non-sectarian school system? Theoretically we think the facts would bring the verdict of "guilty" against it, for we agree with the F.B.I. Chief when he says:

THE LIGURIAN

"The present situation cannot be charged entirely to wartime laxity and a last fling philosophy of life. . . . This condition did not come on us over night. It is deep rooted. . . . Something has happened to the moral stamina of America when the conventions and principles of honesty and common decency are regarded as old fogey and antique. There are certain fundamentals in life that are essential."

Exactly. Catholics feel that such fundamental essentials cannot be firmly grasped in Godless public school classrooms. Purely human codes of decency, merely natural ethics and arbitrary standards of morality are of little value during ordinary times; they prove their uselessness most convincingly during times like these.

NO MATTER what has caused the bog-down of youth, suitable remedies must be applied by Catholics and all intelligent Americans to rescue those already in the mud. Workable guard-rails must be put up to protect those not yet sullied. Such guard-rails must be camouflaged and softly padded, though strong and secure, to help the adolescent. The teen-ager of today, like those of yesterday — remember — resents the sight of guard-rails or even the mention of them. This necessitates the use of camouflage behind which is hidden fundamentally strong, understanding guidance and sympathetic encouragement. The adolescent is delicately impressionable and very much given to his own opinions. Hence the necessity for soft padding and kid gloves to direct his mind gently, but firmly, along proper channels to solid Christian doctrine and good citizenship.

Yes, the problem is tremendous. The adolescent with his approaching intellectual maturity, but characteristic emotional instability, reacts more noticeably to outside influences. His basic personality and character are in a process of flux and are experiencing the physiological pressures of a changing body. The changes of war with its upheaval of the existing order have only added to his difficulties. No matter what his training he lacks the mature resignation to tolerate too much frustration, and the war presents so many occasions for sacrifice and renunciations over and above the possibilities for pleasure or amusements.

The physiological function of the adolescent demands activity. Inactivity bores him and he is likely to resent the authority of any who would deny him freedom. He is in the midst of an inner struggle — the conflict between dependence on the family and personal independence.

With the intensification of youth's problems many times by the war and its lack of the stability of mature guidance and proper understanding, it is no wonder that the delinquency figures of the U. S. are steadily climbing higher and higher with each new day. Youth's greatest need now more than ever is leadership that will give youth the mature guidance it needs—dynamic leadership—the only kind acceptable to adventurous youth. Mothers and fathers, please note.

Various attempts have been made to curb juvenile crime. Educators, lawmakers, social workers, religious leaders and sportsmen have advocated everything from horse-whipping to free ice cream as a solution. Every "solution," however, which does not promote family life, parental authority and moral training in the home is bound to fail in the long run. Contrary to the popular trend in social work today—which deals mainly with the *effects* of delinquency—the Catholic solution seeks to preserve and re-establish the integrity of the home with sound moral training and thus deal directly with the *causes* of the evil. If teen-age crime is to be diminished, *parents*, and not the policeman or social worker, must begin the job.

In nine out of ten cases, the fault in a delinquency rests not with the offender, but with the home-life and parents of the delinquent. In a letter of March 4, 1944, J. Edgar Hoover asserts: "Now, more than ever before, I am convinced that the home is directly responsible for the increase in the number of delinquents. Naturally, under wartime conditions parents are facing greater responsibilities with regard to their children. Thus far they have not too successfully met them. As a slight reminder of this a city in Kentucky has adopted an old Chinese custom. In China if the child fails socially or educationally, the parent, not the child, is held responsible and fined. In this city, sex offenses and petty crimes by juveniles have been materially reduced by an ordinance providing fines of from \$1 to \$50 for parents who allow children younger than 16 to frequent the streets after 10:30 p.m."

ILLEGAL child labor is a contributing cause of delinquency that parents can effectively check. Under the War Manpower Commission standards, no student should be given a job without employment or age certificates, written consent of parents, and a medical certificate. Sixteen and seventeen year old students should never be allowed more than 4 hours' work on school days or 8 hours when school is not in

session. During school time their total of work hours per week should never exceed 28; nor should they work later than 10 p.m. There are tighter standards for fourteen and fifteen year olds.

A report by the U. S. Department of Labor, Children's Bureau, showed flagrant violations of these standards recently. In Connecticut children were found working 6 and 7 days a week; 40, 50, and 60 hours a week; and long after midnight. The cases of some Baltimore school children, working in violation of the child-labor law, were reported as being similar to cases in cities from coast to coast. Helen is only 13 but she worked 5 hours a day after school and the other two days of the week. Her combined hours of school and work totaled 56 a week! Jim, who is 15, was employed 48 hours a week as a bus boy in a cafeteria, working from 4:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. His combined hours of school and work reached the grand total of 75 hours a week!

In the vast majority of these cases there was no need for the child to have worked at all. And as for the contribution of child-labor to the war effort—figures prove that the majority even of high-school students at work after school are employed in retail trade and service industries and not in war plants. The responsibility of parents in this regard is self-evident.

But family responsibility must be backed by community responsibility. Public opinion can do much in helping parents and in shaping the policy of employers of child labor. It can also bring pressure in other fields. Each city has its ring of petty racketeers who are willing to sell liquor to minors, to rent rooms to under-age girls, to accept stolen merchandise, and even to train delinquents in petty thefts. Organized public wrath can make public officials enforce ordinances for the proper control or the stamping out of harmful influences. Once the public shows its teeth, both the police and owners of commercial amusement establishments will do much to protect youth.

Curfews, laws, ordinances and regulations can cut down the opportunities for delinquency or make it go under cover, but nothing the community can do to help parents will be so effective as organized recreation. As supplements of parental effort, playgrounds, after-school organizations and clubs for teen-agers are great boots to juvenile crime. Parents themselves, especially those engaged (wisely or foolishly) in war work, can make such clubs and organizations fill a definite need in the lives of their children. And it is possible. The Kats' Kavern

THE LIGUORIAN

is a club in the little town of Franklin, Ohio, and serves 215 adolescents from the seventh grade to high-school seniors. It was founded by 42 members, mostly fathers, of the local Lions Club. Similar clubs have sprung up across the country and go by such names as School Door Canteen, The Rek, Teen Town, Victory Club. They do help greatly in the emergency with their milk bars, juke boxes, dance floors, game facilities and so forth. The delinquency rate in one city dropped 50 per cent among the high school group reached by the adolescent club. Parish units of the Knights of Columbus or similar organizations would do well to foster such clubs. Every youth wants to belong to a club. If it answers his or her wants, nothing is too much to maintain membership.

ANOTHER highly important phase in settling the problems of juvenile delinquency is the matter of handling convicted offenders. The Children's Bureau revealed in 1943 that detention of children pending court hearings and sentencing children to serve jail terms is by no means uncommon or limited to any one section of the country! This is patently illegal and harmful. Ideally, of course, each new offender should be given individual care and attention such as a sick patient in a sanatorium. Though generally impossible now, still, efforts for this have been made by some cities.

The police department of St. Louis organized a "juvenile division" last year. It aims at keeping children out of the juvenile courts. Each district has an especially trained plainclothes man and woman to handle the police problems of boys and girls. A kindly, patient, and understanding officer can solve countless cases outside the courts by talking with the parents of the child in trouble, by sympathetic handling of the child himself, or by making suitable arrangements for necessary social adjustments. During the first three months of its existence "juvenile division" had 1,000 cases. It settled two thirds of them out of court.

Naturally, each community and neighborhood will have to work out its own problems. With proper co-ordination by city, state and federal agencies there will be a unified plan of action and little duplication of effort. Information, suggestions and advice for community programs can be obtained merely by writing to the Office of War Information, Washington, D. C., which is now disseminating all government information on the subject. Catholics should co-operate with

THE LIGURIAN

their pastors. Information can be obtained from the offices of the N.C.W.C. (National Catholic Welfare Conference), 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

JUVENILE delinquency is indeed a difficult problem. It calls for a tremendous amount of understanding courage and patient enthusiasm. It is a challenge to every American man and woman. We Americans can prove our true citizenship by the way we meet and handle this problem. It is no empty platitude to say that the fate of our country tomorrow rests in our hands today. Our democracy depends on us and on how we train those who follow us. If today's children are not prepared by us, it is we and not they who will have failed.

The future of America lies in your hands. What are you doing about it?

Washerwoman's Mite

Introducing converts on foreign missions to all the ways of Catholics is not an easy task. One part of the task that is more difficult than others is that of teaching them to support their own church. Providence sometimes steps in and gives the missionary a helping hand. Here is a story in point.

Father Joseph Regan, a Maryknoll missionary in Laipo, South China, one Sunday preached an inspiring sermon on the duty and privilege of helping support the parish church. After services, the people were getting ready to leave the church, all obviously deep in thought after the magnificent sermon, when the priest's washerwoman, San Sao by name, arose from her pew and advanced toward the sanctuary.

Everybody paused to watch her. She advanced to the altar rail, and, within full view of all, took out two dollars and placed it on the rail. As if magnetized, others followed suit, walked to the front of the church and placed money on the rail. Father Regan watched in amazement. The informal collection mounted to \$10.30.

The next day the priest approached San Sao as she was bent over the tub, soapy immersed in the weekly laundry. He thanked her heartily for the fine and generous donation, and for the laudable custom she had thereby instituted.

"Oh, that was no contribution," exclaimed the surprised woman. "That was only two dollars which I found in your pockets last week while doing the wash."

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER

Problem: We have three children—the oldest one not yet six years old. We have been hearing so many complaints from parents of older children on the score that their children do not obey, are hard to manage, are obstinate and irreverent, that we are afraid to see our own children grow older than they are. What can we do to make sure that they will not turn out to be unmanageable later on?

Solution: It is surely not too early to begin thinking gravely about the attitude you want your children to have toward you through all their adolescent years, and to take steps to insure it. In fact, we hope you have been doing plenty about it already.

The secret of the proper training and upbringing of children is this: From earliest childhood onward, demand obedience, but always be sure to give more love, more interest, more care than you demand. The important thing is to impress upon the mind of the growing child that, no matter how often you may have to demand hard things in obedience, your love and interest and generosity far outmeasure the hardships of obedience. If you demand obedience while at the same time the child is not acquiring a deep impression of your constant love and concern, the day will come when it will feel perfectly free to hurt you by disobedience. If you do not demand obedience, thinking that to let the child do almost entirely as it pleases is the best proof of love, you will rue that some day when you will have on your hands a spoiled and selfish son or daughter. The principal mistakes of fathers and mothers are either not demanding enough obedience from infancy on, or in demanding obedience while not giving the unformed mind of the child sufficient proof of unselfish love and concern.

A still shorter directive might be this: Win the confidence of the child, without sacrificing obedience, and it will never break your heart. That sounds easy in words, but it requires a lot of doing. Selfish parents cannot do it; gadabout parents seldom accomplish it; frivolous, worldly-minded, sophisticated parents are almost incapable of it. But parents who adjust their attitude toward their children to the changes in the latter's age, parents who make themselves the companions of their children at any age, parents who give all their knowledge and experience to their children as the latter are capable of receiving it, never fail.

A LETTER FROM DAD

Here is the reason why many letters are not written to boys at the front. Seems a little silly to call it a reason, but the facts will be recognized.

B. J. TOBIN

IN HIS last few letters home, written from his position above Naples, John Smith, Jr., had been begging his father to write to him. Often too, lately, his father had intended to write the boy. Coming home from the foundry in the evenings he had recalled how eagerly letters from home had been received by him and his buddies in France during the last war. One of these evenings, John, Sr., told himself, he would write a real letter to his boy—a letter that would make the boy's morale leap so high that he would want to push on to Rome all by himself. At present, though, he just didn't feel like writing letters. He was too tired after working eight hours boring gun barrels to supply the needs of the men in the services. The boy would have to be content with receiving the gun barrels for the time being.

Not that John, Sr., did not want to write to his fighting son. He most certainly did. Just the other evening coming home from work he had resolved to get a letter off that night. He had really tried, too. Immediately after supper, while Mom and Majorie, their daughter, were cleaning up and doing the dishes, he had prepared to start. So many things had interfered, however, that he could get nothing done.

He started by hunting for the box of V-Mail stationery that he had received from his farsighted son just before the boy left for camp. He looked everywhere for it. In his search he located a ferrule for his fishing rod in the back of a drawer; he unearthed the missing deed to the house stuffed away with the cards received last Christmas. But he could not find the box of V-Mail. It was only after he had shouted out in desperation to his wife that she came in from the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron, walked straight to the front closet, and there, from beneath an accumulation of hats and gloves, extracted the sought-for stationery.

With an unintelligible mutter about people who hide writing things in closets, John, Sr., sat down at the desk. He opened the drawer. He

THE LIGURIAN

took the first fountain pen he saw. He tried the pen on an old envelope. It was dry. The bottle of ink wasn't there. He dived back into the drawer and came out with a pen without a point. For mechanical reasons alone he decided to take the good point from the inkless pen and install it in the other pen. This was very intriguing, but also very messy and futile. He ended up with a frayed temper, ink-stained hands, and with two absolutely ruined fountain pens.

AT THE kitchen sink he elbowed the two women aside to wash his hands. Majorie answered his complaint about no pens in the house fit to write with by leaving her work to get hers. Pop, she reasoned, was finally writing to Johnny and needed all the help he could get.

Now everything was ready, Mr. Smith told himself. He scratched his daughter's pen across the back of a canceled check. Yes, it had ink all right. Then with all the assurance in the world he started the letter. With a flourish he filled in the blanks in the right hand corner. "Dear John" with a colon and a long dash followed. Then the pen was still. John, Sr., sat staring at the picture over the desk. He had never noticed that sunset before. The real thing isn't like that at all, he told himself, as he looked down again at his blank sheet of V-Mail. What in the world should he write about to the boy? While stirring up his memory he recalled the piece of a fishing rod in the drawer. He took it out and examined it closely. He had been looking for just such a piece ever since he broke the agate on his rod last summer.

With an effort he recalls himself to the project at hand. Still no ideas came. He couldn't understand it. On the way home from the foundry and during supper his mind had purred with things he wanted to put in the letter. Now it was empty. He could think of none of them.

He sat there a few minutes longer. Unconsciously he sketched a gun barrel on the sheet before him. Ever so often he glared at the paper to see if by some miracle or other something had been written on the sheet. Nothing had. Except for his sketch, which he apparently didn't see, it was still blank. This was too much for John, Sr. In utter disgust he slammed the pen on the desk, rose, picked up the evening paper, and sitting in his favorite chair beside the blaring radio, settled down to read for the evening. No one, he kept repeating to himself — no one could expect a man to do more than he had done during one evening. The kid would have to wait a little longer for the letter.

VICTIM SOUL

One more example for people living in the world — of how possible it is to reach the very summit of holiness among ordinary people, in the midst of a sinful world.

G. J. CORBETT

THERE are many reasons why the modern Catholic should be interested in the recently canonized St. Gemma Galgani. She was a young lady of our own time, her life spanning the quarter-century between the year 1878 and 1903. She attained sainthood in spite of the Liberal, anti-clerical atmosphere in which she lived. But most of all, her life teaches once more the fundamental first-lesson of sanctity: that saints are made by the grace of God and heroic human energy, all things else being added like frosting to a sweetmeat.

A holy priest of wide experience in estimating the character of St. Gemma remarked that excluding the extraordinary phenomena, a life such as hers was by no means uncommon amongst the young women of Italy. Those who had the privilege of knowing this most recent of God's canonized saints in life did not mark her as different from the rank and file of Italian maidenhood. She was remarkably beautiful, as photographs of her bear witness. She had the soft brown eyes, dark hair, olive complexion, finely wrought features of Italian maids of song and story. Hers too was a delightful personality, and she could quite easily have won a high place in the social life of her native village. But all these natural gifts, together with the affectionate temperament of her race, she dedicated to one only object: her crucified Savior. He became her Spouse, and her life became as romantic a love story as the world has ever heard — a story of generous sacrifice for the One she loved.

THE fourth child of Enrico and Aurelia Galgani, born in 1878, Gemma was reared in a home that was truly Christian. Her mother, a daily communicant in the days when daily communicants were rare, took special pains to impress upon little Gemma the love story of the Cross. "See, Gemma," she would say to the tot, "how this dear Jesus died on the cross for us." Soon the tiny child would be pulling at her mother's dress, "Mamma, tell me more of Jesus."

THE LIGUORIAN

It was this amiable mother that evoked Gemma's first big sacrifice in life. Not long after her seventh birthday Gemma was deemed worthy of the sacrament of Confirmation. In spite of her growing weakness — she would be carried away by consumption before another year was out — the mother prepared her child personally for the coming of the Holy Ghost. It was after the conferring of the sacrament while little Gemma knelt praying for her sickly mother that she heard the first of the mystic voices that would afterward play such a large part in her spiritual life. "Wilt thou give me thy mamma?" "Yes, provided that Thou wilt take me too." "No," the Voice replied, "give Me thy mamma willingly. For the present thou must remain with thy father; I will take thy mother from thee to heaven." It was Gemma's first contact with sacrifice; she would plumb its depths before departing this life some twenty years later; shortly before the end, she was to say: "Sacrifice is the measure of love." It is also the key to the holiness of St. Gemma Galgani.

Throughout her early years at school Gemma prepared herself by severe self-discipline for the life of sacrifice that Providence had prepared for her. Days of almost inconceivable "hard luck" were soon to break upon the Galgani family, and Gemma, being an object of special dilection, was to bear the brunt of the burden.

In fact, this series of misfortunes had already begun in 1886, when Gemma was eight, with the death of Aurelia Galgani, the mother and guiding spirit of the household. Seven years later Gemma's dearest companion, her brother, Gina, now a cleric in Minor Orders, fell victim to consumption and passed away in his sister's arms. Then her own turn came, and she fell victim to necrosis of the foot. By the time that she revealed her ailment to a physician, gangrene had advanced to such a stage that amputation was feared necessary. Refusing an anaesthetic in the spirit of sacrifice, clasping a crucifix in her hands for strength, she endured the pain of an operation in which the surgeon laid open the diseased member and scraped the bone.

But that was not all. She recovered from this illness only to find her father floundering about in a financial upset that was as thorough as it was unexpected, reaching its climax only in complete dispossession. It seems that Enrico Galgani, father of the family, was an easy-going, well-intentioned individual in whom the virtue of charity was a vice. He allowed friends to borrow money at will; his tenants were behind

in their rents; his laborers defrauded him right and left; his signature as security was found on a ream of unpaid promissory notes; the illnesses in the family had all but exhausted his resources. And now with creditors clamoring at his door, he was laid low by cancer of the throat and died after a short, but expensive, illness, leaving his six children and two maiden sisters destitute. His once comfortable home and thriving chemist's shop were cleaned bare of all furnishings by the people to whom he owed money. Even the two lire that Gemma had concealed in her purse were found and taken from her.

GEMMA'S own words in describing these sad years prove that she was already attaining the heroism for which she has been canonized. It is important to remark this fact in the life of Gemma Galgani or a casual observer will run the risk of confusing accidentals with what is substantial, the mystical phenomena with the simplicity, detachment, and heroic obedience that characterized Gemma as a saint. She said a few years later in recalling this period of her life:

"I alone remained unaffected by so many calamities. What afflicted the others most of all was to find themselves sunk in destitution, while, to add to their misery, father wasted slowly away. One morning I saw the full extent of the sacrifice which Jesus required of me: I wept much; but, in those days of sorrow, I felt His presence in my soul; and then, from the resignation with which my father faced death, I drew so much support that I bore the stroke with comparative tranquility. The day he died, Jesus forbade me to break out into useless bursts of weeping, and so I passed it in prayer and in resignation to the holy will of Him who thenceforth took the place of the father I lost."

The fury of the storm was not yet spent. It is true there was a respite while the charity of relatives stepped in to help the bewildered family. Gemma herself spent a few months with an aunt at Camaiore, who tried to push the girl into marriage with a young man of the town. Gemma's answer to this proposal was to ask permission to return to the poverty of her old home at Lucca.

Then misfortune struck again — and, if it could be conceived, even more mercilessly than before. Gemma took sick. Violent pains racked her whole body; curvature of the spine set in, complicated by meningitis and total loss of hearing; large boils began to form on her body;

THE LIGUORIAN

all her hair fell out; finally there was complete paralysis of her limbs. On February 2nd, she received the Holy Viaticum and prepared for the happy meeting with the Crucified Christ she had learned to love. The point to make here is that if Gemma had died at this time in 1898, she would have died as a saint, having left the light of her resplendent example glowing in the darkness behind her.

But death did not come. Days grew into weeks, weeks into months; Gemma lingered on the verge of death for a full year. Her suffering, intense enough because of her physical ailments, was aggravated by the thought of the poverty she was bringing on her family. Her helpless condition was a continuous drain, making it impossible to replenish the family purse; often there was not a single coin in the house. Friends would gladly have helped the poor girl, but the family forbade her to mention the state of affairs.

Only a miracle could cure the girl; God sent that miracle through the instance of St. Gabriel Perdolente, who had now begun his frequent apparitions to the girl, and St. Margaret Mary Alococque, to whom she had been making a novena. On February 23, 1899, after she had received Holy Communion, she heard a Voice. It was Jesus speaking to her: "Gemma, wilt thou be cured?" "As Thou wilt, my Jesus." The favor was granted. But listen! the Voice continues: "Daughter, the grace which I have granted thee this morning will be followed by others still greater; I will be always with thee; I will be thy father, and the Mother of Sorrows will be thy mother. Nothing shall ever be wanting to those who put themselves in My hands; nothing, therefore, shall ever be wanting to thee, even though I have deprived thee of all stay and comfort on this earth." The love life between Gemma and her Divine Spouse from 1899-1903 is an epic the fulness of which it is beyond the power of a mere spectator to describe or of a stranger to grasp and appreciate.

To all external appearances, her life now became more secure and comfortable. At the instance of Father Germano, her spiritual adviser, she went to live with the Giannini family, where she was looked upon as a gift of God. Here she was idolized by Signora Caecilia Giannini, sister of the master of the house, and by the children of the family. To their vigilance and constant care we owe our present records of the Saint's utterances in ecstasy, her reactions during the graphic representations of the Passion with which she was favored, the phenomena

THE LIGURIAN

of the stigmata, and so on. Here she dwelt till shortly before her death when the infectious nature of her disease necessitated her removal to a neighboring house. Even there this devoted foster-family nursed her most lovingly until death came on April 11, 1903.

HER sufferings, however, did not abate after the miraculous recovery. Fearless now of physical pain, she began to experience an exquisite moral torture that must have been partially diabolic in source. Remembering the affectionate nature of Italian home life, one can vaguely appreciate the girl's feelings when her own family turned against her. One of her brothers, infuriated in an argument, blasphemed in the presence of his saintly sister. Gemma was so mortified that she began to sweat blood. An aunt, enraged at this mystic nonsense, as she called it, grasped the frightened girl by the throat and beat her unmercifully, blackening her eyes. On another occasion this same brother, ridiculing the girl, finally brought in his school-fellows, saying, "Come in and see Gemma go into an ecstasy."

Others too, whom she had every reason to trust, failed her. Her confessor caused her no end of grief by vacillating endlessly between indifference, doubt, and positive suspicion. What she would be commanded to do in a vision, he would forbid her; what questions she would ask he would shout down as impertinent. He was forever bringing doctors, scientists, and the like to examine the stigmata and the ecstatic phenomena. These scientists were not above jabbing pins into her flesh to see if she were insensible to pain.

Satan himself rose to persecute her. Often he would appear in the form of wild beasts rushing upon her to devour her or of brutish men threatening her, beating her, even dislocating her bones.

Jesus had promised His spouse early in their love-life that she would be given the opportunity to prove her love for Him by suffering. Suffer she did.

THROUGHOUT her life from her earliest years in the school of the Vallini sisters even to the last year of her life, Gemma Galgani was filled with one crowning desire: to be a nun. She thought thereby to open the way to complete self-sacrifice for her Spouse. Indeed she applied for admission to as many as six different Congregations of Sisters. She was refused under one pretext or another by every one of

them. God had destined Gemma to live and die as a lay person for reasons of His own — perhaps to demonstrate once again the hackneyed principle that sanctity can be acquired in any condition or state of life. Let Gemma's own words describe what her vocation in life really was:

"The other morning after Holy Communion I asked Jesus to send me into a convent and He answered: 'My daughter, there is a life more blessed than that in a convent,' and added nothing more. I have asked myself what this life can be and have not been able to find out."

What was this "more blessed life?" Gemma received her answer, when Jesus said to her one day: "I have need of souls who will give Me consolation in place of the many who give Me sorrow. *I have need of victims, strong victims* in order to appease the just wrath of My Father. . . . My daughter, write to your father (Father Germano) at once and tell him to go to Rome and speak of My desire to the Holy Father (to have a Passionist convent at Lucca), tell him a great chastisement is threatening, and that *I have need of victims.*"

This incident occurred eleven years before the outbreak of World War I. It indicates that the Saint's vocation in life was to be a victim soul suffering in reparation for the sins of men.

Holy Church has publicly proclaimed this Italian girl a Saint. She is worthy of our veneration and imitation. And from her extraordinary life we can garner many salutary lessons: the reality of the unseen world about us: of saints, of angels, of devils; the high spiritual life within the reach of the ordinary Catholic "in the world"; the crying need for souls who will dare to answer the call of Christ "to a life more blessed than that in a convent" — the vocation of co-sufferer with Christ; the piteous blindness of the hard-headed man of science, of the near-sighted materialist, of the white-livered Catholic, who when confronted with this phenomenon, could only stick pins in it and declare that "it simply can't be!" Such was St. Gemma Galgani, in point of time, the most recent of our canonized Saints.

—Freedom From Want—

* According to the Maryknoll Fathers, who should know by reason of actual experience around the globe, two out of every ten people in the world's population never have a square meal, and six out of every ten cannot read or write. *

COMMUNISTS CHANGE THEIR TUNE

Further reasons why Christians everywhere should work for the reign of justice and charity on earth, that the danger of Communism, never more imminent than when concealed, may be arrested.

D. F. MILLER

EVEN those who know only what they read in the newspapers must have noticed that Communist spokesmen have, in recent times, announced remarkable changes in the program and plans of Communists toward world revolution. The new policies have affected Russia itself, as well as the activities of the party outside the Soviet Union. At first glance these changes might produce a new sense of security in those who have been taught to fear Communism; they might, if they have not studied Communism closely, come to the conclusion that it is no longer to be feared. For the sake of the future, it might be well to analyze some of the changes and endeavor to ascertain whether it can reasonably be accepted that the essential nature of the movement has been destroyed.

The changes within Russia itself have been quite considerable. It is well known that originally the heart of the Communist movement was the desire to do away entirely with every semblance of private property. Karl Marx wrote three huge volumes, called *Das Kapital* (Capital) to prove the evil of ownership on the part of individuals in any form, and his writings became the Bible of Lenin when he established the Soviet State. Yet in 1936, Stalin, the successor and echo of Lenin, brought out a new Soviet Constitution, in which the principle is incorporated that "all citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to work—the right to guaranteed employment and *payment for their work in accordance with its quantity and quality.*" In operation, that principle both admits of the holding and increasing of private property on the part of individuals, and of differences in the amount that will be held by different individuals, both of which features are quite inimical to the teachings of Marx.

But the changes go farther than that. Communism originally called for perfect equality among all—equality to the point of indistinguishability and anonymity. For a considerable time this was observed. But when Russia entered the great war, and a great many of its workers

took up arms in the place of the instruments of production, the dead level of perfect equality began to be modified. Stalin, always known as "Comrad" Stalin before, suddenly became "Marshall" Stalin. About the time of the defense of Stalingrad, it was announced that officers' insignia, decorations for merit, etc., would again be adopted and worn by the Russian army. The hard and fast lines of equality were breaking down.

But the most dramatic changes within Russia have taken place more recently. They are the revised attitude toward religion and God. Militant Atheism, an indispensable condition and accompaniment of the revolution as devised by Marx, and a persevering policy on the part of his successors, seemed to be shelved. The semi-official magazine, *Bezbozhnik* (The Godless) has been suppressed. Atheistic societies that had been fostered by the government have been disbanded. The Russian Orthodox Church has been restored and permitted to open seminaries in Russia. Even the Bible is now permitted to be published in Russia, for the first time since 1927.

Lastly, in defiance of the principle of Marx that Communism is supra-national, that it is a movement of workers of the world regardless of race, color and nationality, the Third International or Comintern has been dissolved, and the "International," the once supra-national anthem of Russia dedicated to all workers throughout the world, has been replaced by a song drawn up on nationalistic Russian lines.

All these changes have been matched by Communistic propaganda outside of Russia. Within recent months it has been announced that some Communistic organizations have been disbanded, and that others have changed their names. For example, The Young Communist League will now be known as the League of American Youth for Democracy. In January of this year, Earl Browder, official head of the Communist party in the United States, made the amazing announcement that Communism has given up, for the time being, its program of world revolution; that it will now give full support to capitalism and the free enterprise of America; that it will collaborate peacefully with America and England in post-war economic relations. Shades of Marx and *Das Kapital*!

WHAT is one to think of these many changes? Do they mark an essential transformation? Do they take all that can be rightly

condemned out of Communism? There are two considerations that must be pondered before a reasonable judgment can be made.

First of all, it is necessary to consider whether there may not be motives of expediency behind the changes, which make it reasonably probable to conclude that they are merely an effort to "win friends and influence people," while the fundamental aims of Communism remain. There is ample evidence of such motives of expediency, and it is part of the Communist philosophy that all things are expedient that may ultimately serve the Communist cause. In the eyes of the world, Communist Russia suffered a severe setback in 1939 by two official actions: by the pact with Hitler and the invasion of Finland. These two incidents alienated so many fellow-travelers and foreign supporters that it may well be that the recently announced changes in policy are designed to win them back again. Moreover, one cannot but notice that many of the announced changes in Russia itself have been contemporary with the military problems of the nation. When it is remembered that reliable sources maintain that official members of the Communist party in Russia have never numbered more than about two million out of a population of something over 160 million, and that the cooperation of all Russia is needed to win the war, the changes may well be intended as a stimulus to that cooperation. Above all, Russia badly needs a continuation of lend-lease aid, and knows that it will need help from England and America after the war, and cannot afford to press policies and plans that might induce a lessening or cutting off of all this needed help. It would be foolish not to take all these facts into consideration when analyzing current Russian policy, especially when it is remembered Communism has never admitted allegiance to any higher principle than that of expediency.

The second consideration that must never be lost sight of is that there are two elements in the philosophy of Communism so essential to its make-up that they can never be presumed to be abandoned, unless Communism itself be officially and practically disclaimed. They are its atheism and its plan for a world revolution of the so-called proletariat. Its atheism springs from its materialism, which maintains that there is no such thing as a soul, nor a spiritual world, nor of course, a God. This atheism must be militant, because Communism also maintains that the ideas of a human soul and a God and spiritual values have been created by capitalists, or the bourgeoisie, just to protect their own

interests and to keep the people in subjection and peonage. This is the philosophical platform of Communism; only when Communism itself is rejected, can this be surrendered. The desire for world revolution is also of the essence of Communism. According to Marx and Lenin, Communism is untrue to itself if it ever permanently gives up the fomenting of class struggle, the encouraging of strife, the forwarding of the revolution among all the peoples of the world. For a time, its principles admit, it may be necessary to compromise and delay; as Browder says, postponement of the conflict may be demanded by circumstances, but the goal must always be remembered as the violent uprising of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie.

THERE is little reason, then, to be lulled into a sense of security by the recent actions of the national and international Communists. As a matter of fact there is a prophetic warning against just such a sense of security given by Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on Atheistic Communism of March 19, 1937. He says: "In the beginning Communism showed itself for what it was in all its perversity; but very soon it realized that it was thus alienating the people. It has therefore changed its tactics, and strives to entice the multitudes by trickery of various forms, hiding its real designs behind ideas that in themselves are good and attractive. Thus, aware of the universal desire for peace, the leaders of Communism pretend to be the most zealous promoters and propagandists in the movement for world amity. Yet at the same time they stir up a class-warfare which causes rivers of blood to flow, and, realizing that their system offers no internal guarantee of peace, they have recourse to unlimited armaments. Under various names which do not suggest Communism, they establish organizations and periodicals with the sole purpose of carrying their ideas into quarters otherwise inaccessible. They try perfidiously to worm their way even into professedly Catholic and religious organizations. Again, without receding an inch from their subversive principles, they invite Catholics to collaborate with them in the realm of so-called humanitarianism and charity; and at times even make proposals that are in perfect harmony with the Christian spirit and the doctrine of the Church. Elsewhere they carry their hypocrisy so far as to encourage the belief that Communism, in countries where faith and culture are more strongly entrenched, will assume another and much milder form. It will not inter-

THE LIGUORIAN

fere with the practice of religion. It will respect liberty of conscience. There are some even who refer to certain changes recently introduced into Soviet legislation as a proof that Communism is about to abandon its program of war against God.

"See to it, Venerable Brethren, that the Faithful do not allow themselves to be deceived! Communism is intrinsically wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever. Those who permit themselves to be deceived into lending their aid towards the triumph of Communism in their own country, will be the first to fall victims of their error. And the greater the antiquity and grandeur of the Christian civilization in the regions where Communism successfully penetrates, so much more devastating will be the hatred displayed by the Godless."

THE only valid conclusion therefore is that Communism has decided to go underground once more; that it will await more favorable times, perhaps the chaotic conditions that may follow upon the war, to come out into the open again. The course for Christians to follow to render it impotent is to determine anew to live their faith, to spread the truth, to work for social justice, and to exercise that charity which can heal divisions and prevent strife among themselves and their fellowmen.

Waiting for Orders

Not long ago, a gentleman was invited to dinner at the home of Emily Post, the great authority on etiquette. Man of the world though he was, this was an ordeal he dreaded, and he prepared for it by reading up on the proper knives and forks to use for this and that, in between taking a drink or so to bolster his memory and courage.

When he arrived at the house, he had a few more cocktails, and finally the company went in to dinner. Miss Post, with a charming smile, asked him if he would be so good as to carve the roast. He started in bravely enough, but at his first jab the roast leaped from the platter and landed on the dining room rug. He stared at it a moment.

"Well," he said to his hostess, "you wrote the confounded book. What does one do now?"

Side Glances

by The Bystander

A great many people no doubt read the letter of instructions written by Irvin S. Cobb to his friends, with orders that it should not be opened until after his death. The newspapers did their best to make everybody read it by the prominence they gave it. The pundit of Paducah made a last brave attempt, in the face of death, to be funny, but, while he professed to be enjoying himself as he wrote his ribald and blasphemous diatribe, he was funnier than he ever dreamed of being before. He was funny in the pathetic fashion of a man making a fool of himself. He was so "funny" in this sense that some editors of daily papers charitably edited his last journalistic testament, deleting parts that would bring the most raucous laughter on his head. Anyway, he knows now how funny he was.



Yes, Mr. Cobb, *now you know*. Now you know that you never said a truer word than that, when a man dies, his friends should let his sins die with him. There is nothing else they can do. But you forgot the fact, through pride or ignorance (God has already judged which it was) that a man can go on sinning against truth after he is dead. You did that by your letter. You professed a pharisaical desire not to offend the pious. You *couldn't* offend the truly pious, Mr. Cobb. But you did your ignorant best to injure the ignorant, to bolster up the morale (or shall we call it the immorale?) of the proud and conceited, who like yourself make a literary art out of talking down to the God who made them. You'll never talk down to Him again.



Your remarks about the God of the Old Testament and how you detested Him (this was the part of your letter that some editors deleted—it was too much even for them) remind us of the furious ranting of the pseudo-philosopher Hume against the miracles of the New Testament, who also admitted that he had never read the New Testament. Did you ever read the Old Testament, Mr. Cobb? No doubt you know now what it was all about, and wish you had read it. And that little matter of the 23rd psalm on which you bestowed such undying affection! That spoke about the God of the Old Testament, didn't you know? You say you loved that psalm because it is "so mercifully without creed or dogma, contains no threat of hell fire . . . no direct promise of a heaven, which if one may judge by the people who are surest of going there, must be a powerfully dull place." O Mr. Cobb! And you a master of words! No creed or dogma? "The Lord is my shepherd"—(I quote from the King James version familiar [?] to you) no creed or dogma in that? "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever"—no promise of heaven in that? You have been taken in, Mr. Cobb. Somebody has pulled

THE LIGURIAN

the wool over your eyes. You made money but you lost your mind. You thought a creed or dogma was a witch on a stick, or a green elephant, or maybe you thought it synonymous with the word mirage. Your letter is filled with your own creeds and dogmas. But now, we repeat, you know that they were the mirages.



Understandably, you have difficulty with hell fire. You pass it off with a jest. You profess a dislike for the people who go to heaven and announce your belief that "the company in hell is sprightlier." The trouble, Mr. Cobb, is that you, and anybody like you, have nothing to say about who shall go to heaven and who to hell. Sincerely we hope you didn't end up in the latter place, but if you did, we rather imagine it was a shock to find out how unsprightly are its inhabitants. For ourselves, we can hardly imagine a greater torture than to be confined in one place with, say, a score or two of assorted Irvin Cobbs, who died convinced that they knew it all because they were paid, on occasion, a thousand dollars for a short story. How wise that you waited till the end to reveal the puniness of your soul. You were dead right in saying that it was your only chance. If you had said it in life you would have lost both your income and your audience. You knew how your bread was buttered, as the saying goes.



Perhaps the best laugh of your letter (you didn't know it then, but you know it now) was created by your facile summarizing of the merits of various so-called religions. You wanted somebody to take the best out of each, according to your infantile judgment of what is good in religion, and create one great super-religion. Something from the Roman Catholics, the Unitarians, the Episcopalians, the Reformed Jews, the Mormons, the Quakers and the Salvation Army, would do the job, you said. Truth would have nothing to do with it, just so all the nice manners you noticed in each could be brought together. Then, (and this is the pay-off) even then you probably "would not have joined up, but would have stood on the sidelines and cheered for this super-religion you had sponsored." And they laugh at Caesar Augustus for declaring himself a god! If people only had sense enough to make up the kind of religion you think best, you would throw them a few crumbs of your approval. Headlines would say: "The great Irvin Cobb approves Irvin Cobb's religion, but doesn't join." Self adoration has seldom gone so far!



Oh yes, and you say a part of that super-religion would have to be the "sectless" teachings of Jesus Christ, who was "the greatest gentleman that ever lived." "Sectless" is good. Were you thinking of His words: "He that hears you hears me," in that connection? That was about the most sectless thing ever said by Christ, but of course you would have none of it—a little too cramping to a free man's style. And about the gentlemanliness of Christ, were you thinking of His words: "Every

THE LIGUORIAN

dead branch shall be cut down and cast into the fire?" Or of His words: "Woe to you hypocrites and whited sepulchres, etc.?" That was hardly your idea of the gentlemanliness of Christ! Of course it never struck you that Christ could hardly have been a perfect gentleman if He untruthfully insisted that He was God and would some day judge both the living and the dead. A man who would do that sort of thing without grounds would be either a liar or a megalomaniac, but not a perfect gentleman. That logic never struck you, so you cut God up into little sections and took only what you liked and called it a perfect gentleman. Great mind, yours!



But now you know! And we were not needed to tell you. In fact, we should not have written as we have to you for any personal reason alone. We do not believe in saying unkind things about the dead. We agree with you that their sins should be buried with them. There is one exception, however. When a man perpetuates his sins, when he leaves a legacy of scoffing and blasphemy and irreverence and scandal for millions to read, that may injure the more ignorant among them, then we believe he has forfeited his right to honor among the dead. He himself is beyond any further hurt or injury, such as a slash to his income because his books may not be bought or read any longer. But the living can be injured. It is to save the living from the least suspicion that your last words represent wisdom or truth or intelligence, that we have written this note. We neither judge you nor wish you evil in eternity. All that can safely be left in the wisdom and mercy and goodness and justice of God. We shall even pray for you, that if, through mental deterioration or invincible ignorance, you escaped the "sprightly" company of the damned, you will not have to wait too long to behold Him for whom you were made.



Anyway, now you know. May all others, undisturbed by your scoffings, find the truth before they are dead.

Epitaph Department

Here lies Joan Kitchen, when her glass was spent,
She kicked up her heels and away she went.

Sad was her fate, she perished thus—
She was "druv" over by a bus.

Catholic Anecdotes

HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER

WHEN Louis Napoleon was Emperor of France, he decided to procure a private tutor for his young son. Naturally there were many applications for the position, but the Emperor was slow to make his decision.

One day a young professor at one of the schools in Paris received a summons to appear at the ministry of education. He answered the summons and was told to wait in a certain room. Soon the door opened, and to his astonishment the Emperor walked in unattended.

"Young man," the Emperor said, "I have chosen you to be the tutor of my son."

"But sire," responded the professor, "this is impossible!"

"Why impossible?" asked the Emperor.

"I do not believe myself capable to take over so difficult a position," answered the young man; "furthermore, and that is my chief reason, I have an old mother whom I must support and care for, and I cannot leave her."

"My dear young man," said Louis, "I know all about your abilities, and also about your good old mother. Because you have been so faithful in caring for your mother, because you keep so well the law of God that tells us to honor father and mother I have chosen you. You and your mother shall live in my palace."

AVARICE FOILED

SOME years ago an old man who had accumulated quite a respectable fortune died. His only relative was a nephew whom he knew to be a spendthrift. The old man was not only sagacious but a wag as well. He ordered that his will was not to be opened until three months after his death.

THE LIGURIAN

Meanwhile the nephew who considered himself the prospective heir began to make an inventory of the house. The main floor he found to be richly furnished and he was contemplating the pleasure he would have in removing the splendid furnishings to his apartment. The upper story was also lavishly furnished. The nephew ordered most of the better pieces brought to the main floor, despite the protests of the major-domo.

After the lapse of three months, the will was solemnly opened and read. "To the maid I leave everything in the kitchen, To my cook I bequeath everything in the cellar. To my major-domo I bequeath all that is on the main floor at the opening of the will, and to my nephew I leave the residue of my fortune."

We can imagine the chagrin of the nephew who had removed the best of the furnishings of the upper story to the main floor, which now belonged to the servant.

While we admire the wisdom and wit of the uncle, we can smile at the undoing of the avaricious nephew.

VANITY OF VANITIES

THE Egyptian king Sesostris was fortunate as a conqueror, and he proudly boasted of his conquests. Not satisfied with loading down the enemy with taxes, he also demanded that the conquered kings bring tribute in person yearly. To humiliate them the more, he used them as beasts of burden to draw the royal carriage.

One day he had a royal personage drawing his equipage and he noticed that this king was continually looking back and intently watching one of the wheels.

Sesostris inquired of him: "Why do you observe that wheel so closely?"

The royal slave replied: "O king, the turning wheel reminds me of the change of fortune. When one part of the wheel is at the top, the other is down touching the ground. Even so, today you are a king on the throne, tomorrow you may be a slave even as I am."

History records that Sesostris became blind and committed suicide.

custom of bowing the head when the name of Jesus is spoken or heard. Preaching to quite large congregations, we have noticed but a few heads bowing when the holy name entered the sermon. Instructing high school children in one place, we had to search the room for the sight of anyone bowing when the saving name was spoken.

This is a small item, someone may be tempted to say, yet we cannot but think it would be a large item in its influence on Catholics and others, if the custom could be made universal again. Bowing the head at the name of Jesus is an act of reverence and love; it is a sign of adoration and worship; it is always a public testimonial of one's belief in the divinity of Christ. Nowadays, when so many are denying Christ or forgetting Him, when so many are looking for Christ, not knowing where to find Him, so little a thing as the bowing of the head at mention of His name on the part of believers in Him would help to bring the world back to His feet again.

But apart from that, the custom could be made at least a partial means of reparation for the widespread misuse and dishonoring of the holy name. This is something for the Holy Name Society to consider. It should take this up as a campaign, and not only instill into its members the determination not to misuse the name of Jesus, but enjoin them all to honor it positively as well. Let all who read this, at least, make it their own personal campaign.

Alert Altar Boy

On one occasion Archbishop Ullathorne of Birmingham took as the text of his sermon the words from the Mass: "Domine, non sum dignus." An altar boy, who had just finished his training for serving Mass, being properly instructed to ring the bell when the priest said "Domine, non sum dignus," was delighted when he heard the Archbishop sonorously pronouncing the same words in his sermon, and immediately hit the gong as hard as he could. Disappointed, however, at not hearing them repeated three times, as he had been told they would be, he listened intently, and was soon rewarded by hearing them again in the course of the sermon. He promptly hit the gong with vigor the second time. When the same thing happened a third time, the Archbishop could put up with it no longer, and begged that some kind soul would take the stick away from the zealous but distracting server.

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

RULES FOR A CHRISTIAN LIFE

II. Acts and Practices of Piety (Cont.)

3. Preparation and Thanksgiving for Confession and Communion

Before making his confession, the penitent should ask grace of God that he might remember the sins he has committed and awaken in himself true sorrow for them and a firm purpose of amendment. He should also recommend himself to Our Blessed Mother, the Refuge of Sinners. He may then make the following acts:

Act before Confession

O God of infinite majesty, behold at Thy feet a traitor, who has offended Thee over and over again, but who now humbly begs forgiveness. O Lord, Who dost not despise a contrite and humble heart, reject me not. I thank Thee for having waited for me so long, for not allowing me to die in my sins and casting me into hell as I deserve. Since Thou hast waited for me, my God, I hope that, by the merits of Jesus Christ, Thou wilt pardon me all my offenses; I repent and am sincerely sorry for them, because by them I have merited hell and lost paradise, but principally because I have offended Thee, O Infinite Goodness! I love Thee, O Sovereign Good! and because I love Thee, I repent of all the insults I have offered Thee. I have despised Thy grace and Thy friendship, O Lord! I have lost Thee by my own free will. Forgive me all my sins for the love of Jesus Christ now that I repent with all my heart. I hate and de-

test each and every one of them more than any other evil. And I repent not only of all my mortal sins, but also of my venial sins, for they, too, are displeasing to Thee. I resolve never more to offend Thee wilfully. Yes, my God, I will rather die than ever sin again.

If the penitent should confess a sin into which he has frequently relapsed, it is advisable to make a particularly firm resolution not to fall into this sin again: 1) by resolving to avoid its occasion; 2) by adopting the means suggested by the confessor; 3) by choosing the means he himself judges the most efficacious for correcting it.

Act after Confession

My dear Jesus! how much do I not owe Thee. By the merits of Thy Blood I hope that I have now been pardoned. I thank Thee above all things. I hope to reach heaven, where I shall praise Thy mercies forever. My God, if I have lost Thee so often in the past, I now desire to lose Thee no more. From this day I resolve to change my life. Thou dost merit all my love; I will love Thee above all things. I have promised Thee this already; but now I repeat my promise of being ready to die rather than offend Thee again. I promise also to avoid all the occasions of sin, and to use the means that will prevent me from falling again. My Jesus, Thou knowest my weakness; give me grace to be faithful to Thee until death, and to have recourse to Thee when I am tempted.

Most Holy Mary, help me! Thou art the mother of perseverance; I place my trust in thee.

Preparation for Communion

Holy Communion is the most efficacious means of freeing our souls from sin and of enabling us to advance in the love of God. Many souls, however, continually fall back into the same sins and deprive themselves of the precious fruits of their frequent Communions because they do not make a proper preparation. Two things are necessary for a good preparation for Holy Communion: 1) to disengage our hearts from every affection which hinders divine love; 2) to have a great desire to love God. Our chief intention when we communicate, says St. Francis de Sales, should be to increase in divine love. From love alone should our God be received, he says, for from love alone He gives Himself to us.

Acts before Communion

My beloved Jesus, I firmly believe that Thou art present in the Most Holy Sacrament; and for this faith I am prepared to give my life.

My dear Redeemer, I hope by Thy goodness, and through the merits of Thy Blood, that when Thou dost come to me this morning, Thou wilt inflame me with Thy holy love, and wilt give me all those graces which I need to keep myself obedient and faithful to Thee until death.

My God, true and only lover of my soul, what couldst Thou do more to force me to love Thee? Not satisfied with dying for me, Thou hast also instituted the Most Holy Sacrament, making Thyself my food, and giving Thyself all to me. Thou dost Thyself invite me to receive Thee! O Infinite Love! A God gives Himself all to

me! O my God, O infinite love, worthy of infinite love, I love Thee above all things; I love Thee with all my heart; I love Thee more than myself, more than my life; I love Thee because Thou art worthy of being loved. I love Thee, O my Saviour, and I unite my poor love to the love of all the angels and saints, and of Thy Mother Mary, and the love of Thy Eternal Father! Oh, that I could see Thee loved by all men!

Lord, I am not worthy to remain in Thy presence; I ought to be in hell forever, far away and abandoned by Thee. But out of Thy goodness Thou callest me to receive Thee. Behold I come, my loving Redeemer, exceedingly sorry for having so often offended Thee. I repent, and am sorry with all my heart for every offense which I have offered Thee. I hope that Thou hast already pardoned me; but if Thou hast not yet forgiven me, pardon me, my Jesus, before I receive Thee.

Come, then, my Jesus, come into my soul. My only and infinite good, my life, my love, my all, I desire to receive Thee this morning with the same love with which those souls who love Thee most have received Thee, and with the same fervor with which Thy Most Holy Mother received Thee. O Blessed Virgin, and my Mother Mary, give me Thy Son; I intend to receive Him from thy hands! Tell Him that I am thy servant, and He will press me more lovingly to His heart.

velopment of the nation and of the nation on the Church. Not much space is devoted to the already well known role of the Catholic Explorers and settlers in the early days of the country. *The Story of American Catholicism* is an excellent general introduction to the little known history of the Catholic Church in the United States.

Rating of Best Sellers

I. Books that are recommended for family reading:

The Russian Enigma — *Chamberlin*
 The D.A. Calls a Turn — *Gardner*
 George Washington Carver — *Holt*
 The Grim Reapers — *Johnston*
 We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood — *Kimbrough*
 George M. Cohan — *Morehouse*
 Navy at War —
 Home Sweet Homicide — *Rice*
 The Eagle and the Dove — *Sackville-West*
 Target: Germany —
 Yankee Lawyer — *Train*
 Challenge to Freedom — *Wriston*
 Dunnybrook — *Carroll*
 Golden Apples of the Sun — *Obermeyer*

II. Books that are not recommended to adolescents because of content or style, or because of some immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:

Under a Lucky Star — *Andrews*
 The Republic — *Beard*
 Moscow Dateline — *Cassidy*
 Where's the Money Coming From? — *Chase*
 Connecticut Yankee — *Cross*
 Science at War — *Gray*
 Behind the Steel Wall — *Fredborg*
 Der Fuehrer — *Heiden*
 Betrayal from the East — *Hynd*
 What To Do With Germany — *Nizer*
 Gay Illiterate — *Parsons*
 Lend-Lease — *Stettinius*
 Liberal Education — *Van Doren*
 Western Star — *Benet*
 To All Hands — *Brown*
 Such Interesting People — *Casey*
 Saint on Guard — *Charteris*
 Cartoon Calvacade — *Craven*
 A Bell for Adano — *Hersey*
 The Battle is the Payoff — *Ingersol*
 So Little Time — *Marquand*
 The Deaths of Lora Karen — *McDougald*
 Hackberry Cavalier — *Perry*
 Taps for Private Tussie — *Stuart*

III. Books that are not recommended to any class of reader:

The Turnbells — *Caldwell*
 Under Cover — *Carlson*
 Total Peace — *Culbertson*
 Hungry Hill — *DuMaurier*
 The Lost Weekend — *Jackson*
 Crazy Weather — *McNichols*
 Persons and Places — *Santayana*
 The Apostle — *Asch*
 My Days of Anger — *Farrell*

APRIL BOOK REVIEWS

The law of the Church prescribes a retreat of six days as the proximate preparation for receiving the first of the Major Orders. Father Biskupek has been preaching this retreat for twenty years

to the students at Techny. Now he has gathered his reflections on the rites and ceremonies of ordination in *Subdeaconship* (Herder, 300 pp., \$2.50). Various

For

Subdeacons aspects of the ordination service are used as the basis for ascetical conferences on the duties and obligations of those who are ordained subdeacons. The conferences are extremely practical with a wide variety of applications. Liberal use is made of the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on the priesthood and of the Exhortation to the Cleric of Pope Pius X. Suggestions are given for the more devout recitation of the Divine Office. The duties of the Subdeacon to God and souls are explained in great detail. Helps to keep the Man of God untouched and untainted in his contact with the world are offered to the newly ordained.

Major seminarians will find this book useful to acquaint themselves with the ideals of their great calling. They will then be ready to hear that inspiring invitation from the bishop: "Let those who are to be ordained step forward." Those who preach retreats to priests will find material in these pages. Priests will have a book at hand to recall to them their sublime dignity and the obligations they have willingly assumed. Two other volumes on the Deaconship and the Priesthood are in preparation. Gladly do we welcome this addition to the volumes on the priesthood and Major Orders.

The Path of Love

Father Fitzgerald tells us that a score of years in the priesthood have led him to conclude "that the cultivation of direct contact with God by love has been sadly neglected." So he has written brief letters to open up to all *The Path of Love*

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

(Herder, 130 pp., \$1.50). God Himself has summarized the entire law in the law of love of God and neighbor. These short letters, which rarely go beyond a page and a half, are addressed to a

wide variety of persons. Priests, seminarians, sisters, mothers, and ordinary laymen are the recipients of his advice. The *Path of Love* is indicated even in the ordinary tasks of life. A note to his mother on his own birthday reveals the love and thoughtfulness of his own heart. The role of suffering in the way of love is shown in several letters.

Father Fitzgerald has long been writing on spiritual topics under the pen name of Father Page. These brief letters reveal a depth of spiritual knowledge that can come only from experience. He shares with us the life that he himself lives. This book can be recommended to all who desire short helps on the way to God.

Our Lady of Lourdes

Lourdes Interpreted by the Salve Regina (Newman 97 pp. \$1.00) is a reprint of a novena of sermons preached by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P., in the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes in New York City. Blessed Herman, the Cripple, long ago sang of Mary as Our Hope in this vale of tears. At Lourdes the Mother of God once again revealed herself in the role of Our Hope. The late Father Jarrett has combined these two themes in the series of sermons. Special emphasis is placed on Mary as our help in our misery and wretchedness. Whether in the poverty of the depression—the sermons were given in 1933—or in the weariness and discouragement of poor health, Mary is ready to show herself our Mother. Father Jarrett was undoubtedly one of the great leaders of this age and this slim volume lives up to the reputation of its author. There is a strong dogmatic background to the sermons and a knowledge of practical daily life. The preacher will

learn that this novena has much that is useful to him.

Aids for the Use of the Latin Missal The liturgical movement is gaining more strength every day. The liturgists are untiring in their zeal to spread the love of the liturgy. Nothing can daunt them in their noble crusade to bring the liturgy to the people and the people to the liturgy. Not even the layman's lack of knowledge of Latin presents too great a stumbling-block to them. Efforts are being made to acquaint the laity with the beautiful language of the Church.

Cora Scanlon and Charles Scanlon have presented a fine simplified *Latin Grammar* (Herder, 334 pp., \$3.00) for beginners. The subtitle: *Grammar, vocabularies, and exercises in preparation for the reading of the Missal and the Breviary*, indicates the scope of the work. Enough fundamental grammar and syntax are given to explain the construction of the Latin language as used in the books of the Church. The complete vocabulary of the Ordinary of the Mass and the proper of the Requiem Mass are given in the course of the twenty lessons. Exercises in reading are borrowed from the Gospels of the Masses. 130 pages at the end of the work furnish a complete Latin-English vocabulary of the words used in the Mass and Office.

The arrangement of the *Latin Grammar* is clear and orderly. The matter is presented in a graduated form that makes it easy for beginners. Sisters who are obliged to recite the Divine Office will find this volume a great help in the study of Latin. Under a competent teacher a group of laymen could learn enough Latin to be able to use the grand language of the Church. May this work of the liturgical revival prosper!

St. Theodore of Canterbury Reverend William Reany has given us a short scholarly life of *St. Theodore of Canterbury* (Herder, 227 pp., \$2.00). St. Theodore was born in Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul. In 669, some seventy years

after the first missionaries came from Rome, the Pope sent him to occupy the See of the great St. Augustine at Canterbury. He was the first English Bishop to be consecrated by a Pope. The new Archbishop won the allegiance of the various nationalities that then inhabited England. He organized the Church into dioceses that remained until the eve of the Reformation. His scholarship earned him the title of Philosopher. The study of Greek was first introduced into England by this former Greek monk. The author has consulted the original sources for this life.

Public Speaking In recent years emphasis has been placed on the need of articulate Catholic leaders.

A knowledge of the art of public speaking is a prime requisite in the formation of such leaders. William R. and Francis A. Duffey have published an outline for the beginner in *Public Speaking* (Herder, 338 pp., \$2.50). The young speaker must have complete mastery of himself and audience. He must have acquired the habit of correct usage of words, and of control of voice and gestures. His material must be presented in a clear and interesting manner in order to win the attention of the listeners. To help in the acquisition of such necessary qualities each section of the book is divided into six parts: Diction, Grammar, Rhetoric, Voice, Gestures and Audience Psychology. The various topics are composed of principles and practical examples and exercises. After several lessons a quiz on the matter is given for the use of the teacher. Many outlines of subject matter give practical demonstrations in the arrangement of material. Special emphasis is placed on diction and grammar.

Public Speaking is an excellent handbook for beginners and a reference work for those who have made progress in the art of speaking in public. An insistence on exercises and projects increases its value for beginners. This textbook shows the long years of teaching from which it has grown. *Public Speaking* should prove of great help to the teacher in the instruction of the young speaker.

Lucid Intervals

A little girl, sitting in church watching a wedding, suddenly exclaimed:
"Mummy, has the lady changed her mind?"

"What do you mean?" the mother asked.

"Why," replied the child, "she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another."

*

With just a trace of sarcasm in his voice, the tiresome attorney ventured to observe: "I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court."

"My friend," returned his honor, "there is a considerable difference between trespassing on time and encroaching upon eternity."

*

"Are you Donald Vance?" he asked the young man beside the cloak rack in the restaurant.

"No," was the surprised reply.

"Well, I am," came the frosty rejoinder, "and that is his overcoat you are putting on."

*

A well-known Royal Academician who noticed a drawing of a fish by a pavement-artist asked the man what sort of fish it was supposed to be.

"A shark, sir!"

"But you've never seen a shark," said the R.A.

"That's true, sir," the man agreed: "but then, don't some of those Academy chaps paint angels?"

*

She insisted on taking innumerable frocks with her, and they arrived at the station loaded with luggage.

"I wish," said the husband, thoughtfully, "that we'd brought the piano."

"Don't try to be funny," came the frigid reply.

"I'm not trying to be funny," he explained sadly. "I left the tickets on it."

*

Waitress: "Oh, I'm sorry I spilled water all over you."

Patron: "That's perfectly all right, the suit was too large anyway."

Last week we heard about the old Negro who was taking a civil service examination for the job of mail carrier. One of the questions was: "How far is it from the earth to the sun?"

The old darky looked frightened and exclaimed: "If you all is gwinter put me on that route, I'ze resignin' befo' I begins."

*

By way of reward of faithful political service an ambitious bartender was appointed police magistrate.

"What's the charge against this man?" he asked when the first case was called before him.

"Drunk, your honor."

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Sure, sir," said the accused, "I never drink a drop."

"Have a cigar, then," urged his honor as he absent-mindedly polished the top of the desk with his handkerchief.

*

Math Professor: "Now, Mr. Zilchguard, if I lay three eggs here and five eggs here, how many eggs will I have?"

Mr. Zilchguard (with a questioning glance): "I don't believe you can do it, sir."

*

A youngster went into the parlor to see a visitor who was with his father.

"Well, my little man," said his father's friend, "what are you looking at me for?"

"Why," replied the boy, "daddy told me that you were a self-made man, and I want to see what you look like."

"Quite right," said the gratified guest, although ugly and fat. "I am a self-made man."

"But what did you make yourself like that for?" asked the boy.

*

A little girl knocked at the front door of the grocery store one Sunday morning. Her chum, the daughter of the grocer, stuck her head out of the second story window, and said: "Nancy, we've all been to camp meeting, and got converted. If you want milk on the Sabbath you'll have to come around to the back door of the store."

Spread The Truth!

In the last issue of THE LIGUORIAN an article appeared under the title: "Catholics and Civil Rights." It was an answer to an attack on Catholics made by Dr. J. H. J. Upham, President of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America. The charges made were that Catholics are trying to destroy the civil rights of their fellow Americans.

The answer in THE LIGUORIAN showed that the attack was made on the basis of ignorance, misrepresentation and distortion of facts. In response to many requests, the answer has been reprinted. Copies may be obtained at low cost or gratis, if necessary, to spread the answer to the unfair attack as widely as the attack itself was spread.

Write to THE LIGUORIAN, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, for as many copies as you can use. Catholic organizations, societies, parishes, etc., should see that every member has a copy.



End The War!

The new edition of "Visits for Victory" will be ready in a few weeks. The Visits were written by St. Alphonsus Liguori, and have become the most popular means of private devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin Mary in the world. They may be used for a daily visit in Church, or for night adoration in the home.

Make the daily Visits for Victory and Peace. Order copies from THE LIGUORIAN at 10 cents each, \$7.00 a hundred.

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week

Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble
Buffalo Bill
El Jorobado
Hi Good Lookin'
Lady Let's Dance
Navy Way, The

Previously Reviewed

Action in Arabia
Adventures of a Rookie
Ali Baba and 40 Thieves
Arizona Trail
Arizona Whirlwind
Around the World
Beautiful but Broke
Beneath Western Skies
Black Market Rustlers
Blazing Guns
Bullets and Saddles
California Joe
Campus Rhythm
Canyon City
Chance of a Lifetime
Charlie Chan in Secret Service
Chip Off the Old Block
Corvette K-225
Cowboy Canteen
Cowboy in the Clouds
Crazy House
Creo an Dios (I Believe in God)
Dancing Masters, The
Death Valley Rangers
Deerslayer, The
Destination, Tokyo
Devil Riders
Drifter, The
Doughboys in Ireland
Drums of Fu Manchu
Eternal Gift, The
False Colors
Fighting Seabees, The
Frontier Law

Frontier Outlaws

Ghosts on the Loose
Girl Crazy
Glory of Faith, The
Going My Way
Golgotha
Good Fellows, The
Great Mr. Handel, The
Guadalcanal Diary
Gunsmoke Mesa
Hands Across the Border
Happy Land
Harvest Melody
Hat-Check Honey
Henry Aldrich, Boy Scout
Henry Aldrich Haunts a House
His Butler's Sister
In Our Time
Iron Major, The
Is Everybody Happy?
Lassie Come Home
Law Rides Again, The
Little Flower of Jesus
Lost Angel
Madame Curie
Man from Music Mountain
Marshall of Gunsmoke
Melody Parade
Minesweeper
Mojave Firebrand
Monastery
Moonlight in Vermont
Mr. Mugs Steps Out
My Best Girl
Mystery of the 13th Guest
Nabonga
Northern Pursuit
Oklahoma Raiders
Outlaws of Stampede Pass
Overland Mail Robbery
Perpetual Sacrifice, The
Power of God, The

Power of the Press

Pride of the Plains
Racket Man, The
Raiders of Red Gap
Raiders of Sunset Pass
Rationing
Return of the Rangers
Riders of the Dead Line
Rookies in Burma
Sahara
See Here, Private Hargrove
Sherlock Holmes Faces Death
Silver City Raiders
Sing a Jingle (formerly "Lucky Days")
Six-Gun Gospel
So's Your Uncle
So This Is Washington
Song of Bernadette
Song of Russia
Spider Woman
Story of the Vatican, The
Stranger in Town
Strictly in the Groove
Sullivans, The
Sundown Valley
Tarzan's Desert Mystery
Texas Kid, The
There's Something About a Soldier
This Is the Army
Three Russian Girls
Thundering Gun Slingers
Top Man
Underdog, The
Vigilantes Ride, The
Weekend Pass
Westward Bound
We've Come a Long, Long Way
What a Man
Whistling in Brooklyn
Winter Time
Wyoming Hurricane